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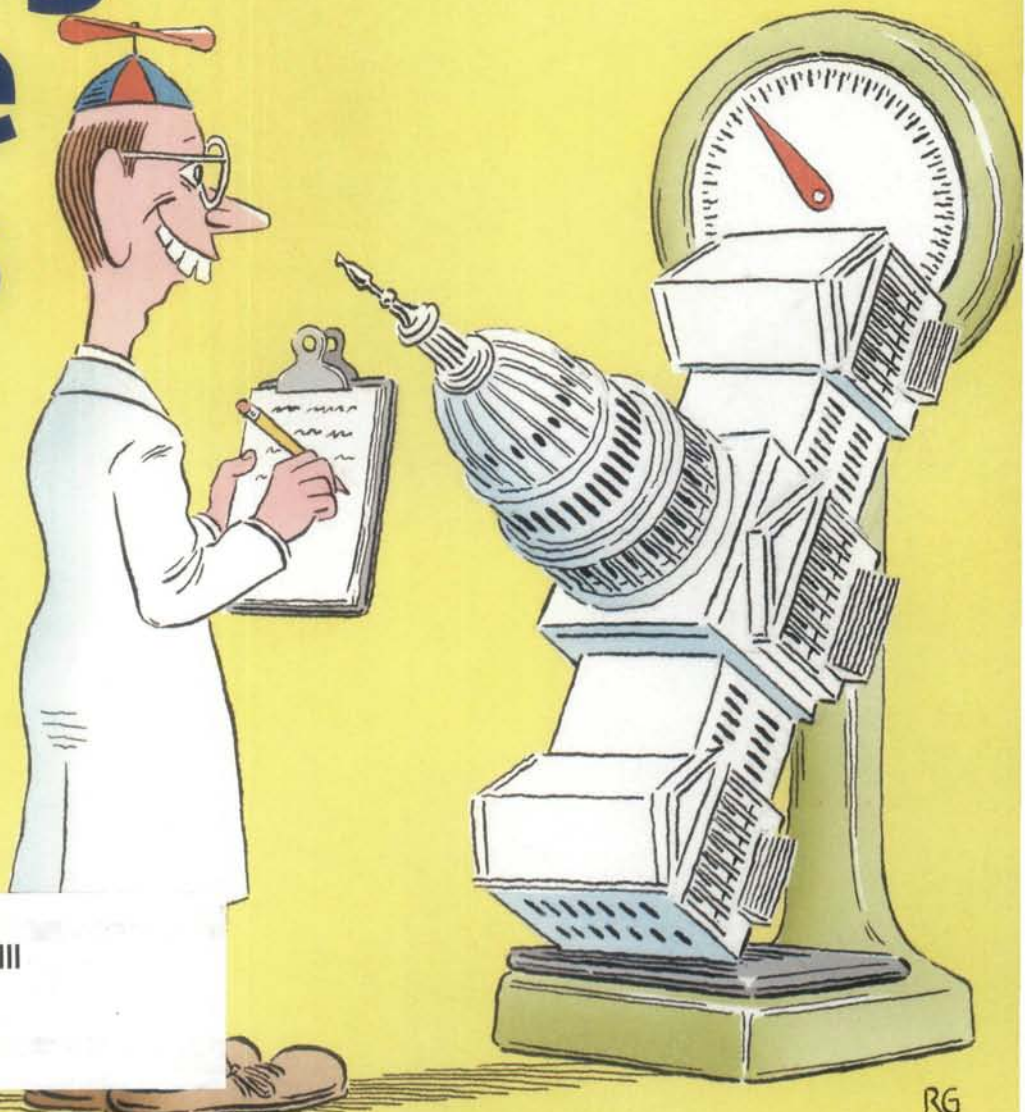
Revenge of the Nerds

Are the Number-Crunchers Ruining Political Science?

By JONATHAN COHN



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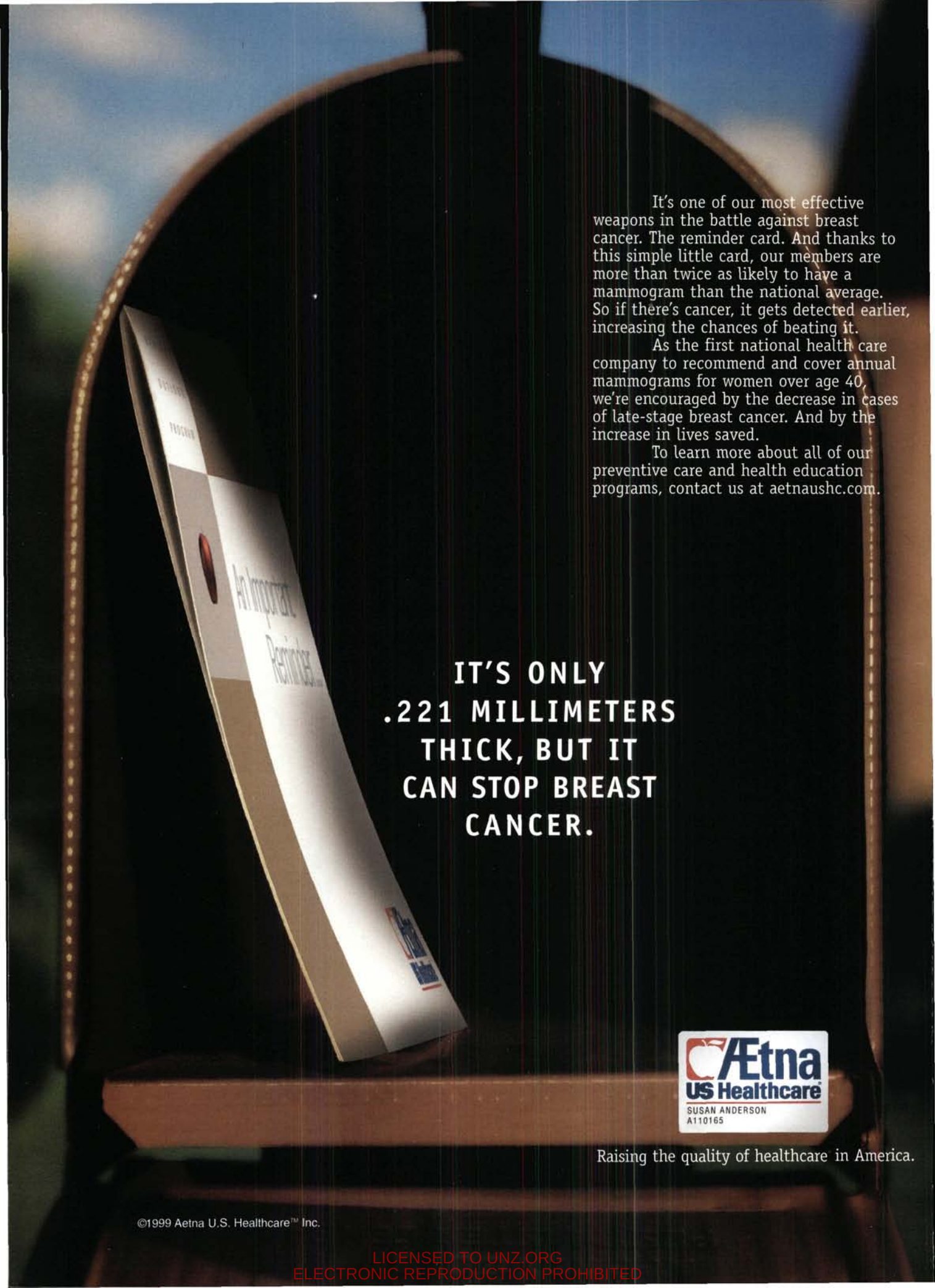

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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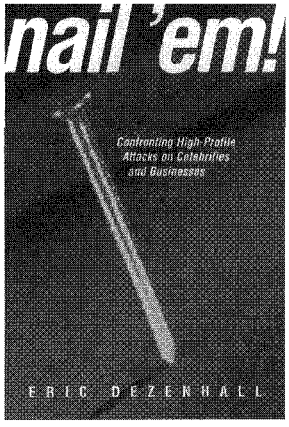

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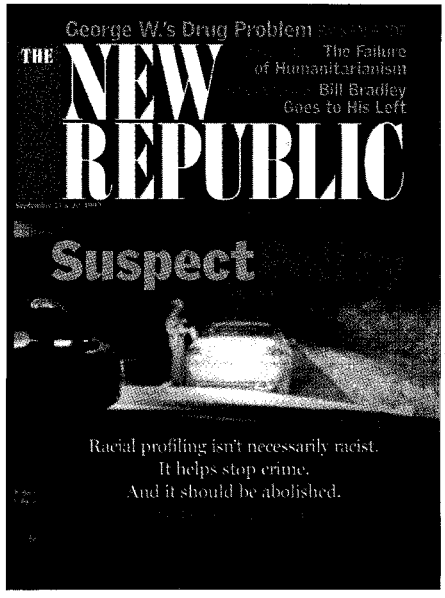
George W.'s Drug Problem
THE NEW REPUBLIC
The Failure of Humanitarianism
Bill Bradley Goes to His Left
Suspect
Racial profiling isn't necessarily racist.
It helps stop crime.
And it should be abolished.

TO THE EDITORS:
Randall Kennedy's article on racial profiling provides a compelling constitutional and moral case against the practice ("Suspect Policy," September 13 & 20). However, his concession that profiling usually is not racist and can reduce crime is at best an oversimplification.

Racial profiling creates the proverbial vicious cycle. Even if we can assume that, at a certain point in time, members of one group—all else being equal—are more likely to commit crimes than are members of other groups, once we scrutinize members of that group differently, we increase the probability that they, rather than members of other groups, will be arrested and incarcerated. To be more concrete: By oversampling young black men, the police are undersampling young white (and other nonblack) men and are therefore contributing to the disproportion in the criminal justice system. They might be catching more black criminals, but they are also catching fewer white criminals. This not only perpetuates the stereotype (based in part on criminal justice statistics) that blacks are more likely to commit crimes, it accentuates it. And this new information is fed into the formulas on which profiling policies are based, leading to further discrimination. Thus we create the very statistics used to justify profiling.

There's already too much racial discrimination operating. We don't need to compound the problem by institutionalizing it.

JACK GLASER, PH.D.
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITORS:
Randall Kennedy makes a persuasive argument against the use of racial profiling by the police. In the process, however, he effectively makes a case against affirmative action.

To begin, Kennedy writes that "a disturbing feature of the debate over racial profiling is that many people, including judges, are suggesting that decisions distinguishing between persons on a racial basis do not constitute unlawful racial discrimination when race is not the sole consideration prompting disparate treatment.... There are, of course, different degrees of discrimination." Nonetheless, he argues, "[t]aking race into account at all means engaging in racial discrimination." This is plausible, but, by this logic, Kennedy must reject Justice Powell's controlling opinion in *Regents of the University of California* v. *Bakke*, that slender thread of authority through which proponents of affirmative action hope to preserve the use of racial preferences in public-university admissions.

In striking down racial quotas, Powell ruled that, since "a black student can usually bring something that a white person cannot offer," admissions officers may take race into account as "one element in a range of factors" in determining whom to admit to public universities. According to Kennedy, this is racial discrimination, which by definition offsets the benefits the practice might otherwise provide.

Second, Kennedy writes that "defenders of racial profiling frequently neglect [its] costs.... They unduly minimize ... the large extent to which racial profiling constantly adds to the sense of resentment felt by blacks of every social stratum toward the law enforcement establishment." If the resentment of a group burdened by an official practice is counted as a cost of that practice, then Kennedy must agree that the resentment working-class whites feel when they or those they know are denied employment or university admissions under affirmative action is likewise a cost undermining the legitimacy of the practice and the institution using it.

MARTIN CARCIERI
University of North Florida
Jacksonville, Florida

TO THE EDITORS:
Randall Kennedy writes of "the burden placed on innocent people stopped by law enforcement officers because of racial profiling." Is this burden really so onerous? Liberal proponents of gun control have no problem subjecting me to the burden of a three-day waiting period to purchase a handgun just because other Americans use guns illegally. A five- to 15-minute traffic stop constitutes abuse of police power,

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whereas a three-day wait to be allowed to exercise the constitutionally guaranteed right to bear arms—a wait during which Korean shop-owners and stalked ex-wives have been killed—is OK?

DAMON L. COCHRAN
Ellicott City, Maryland

TO THE EDITORS:
Randall Kennedy is on very shaky ground when he recognizes that racial profiling is effective but insists that we should outlaw it anyway. He notes that police officers routinely profile on the basis of age, sex, dress, and demeanor, and he finds this legitimate. From a statistical point of view, race may be just as reliable an indicator that a person may have committed a crime—but, says Kennedy, the police must be made to ignore it.

Must we once again set up race as a special category exempt from society's usual rules? We have already seen "nondiscrimination" in employment metastasize into thinly disguised quotas. Kennedy's alternative to racial profiling—hire enough officers so they can spend their time "subjecting everyone to closer surveillance"—would amount to nothing more than law enforcement by quota. Presumably an officer would have to stop a certain number of blue-haired old ladies for every young black man. Moreover, a sufficient number of officers to make this possible could never be hired, anyway. Law enforcement by quota would mean only that minorities who should have been stopped and arrested would be able to continue committing crimes—mostly against other minorities.

Kennedy wants to abolish racial profiling because it produces resentment, but the resentment stems largely from ignorance. Men are stopped far more often than women, but there is no uproar over this because everyone knows that men commit more crimes than women do. If the media were forthright about discussing racial differences in crime rates (Asian Americans, by the way, have the lowest rates), it would help the public understand rather than resent the police. To set up anti-profiling rules that Kennedy concedes would be "made to be broken" would only embitter the police and hamper their efforts to fight crime.

JARED TAYLOR
President
New Century Foundation
Oakton, Virginia

E-voting

TO THE EDITORS:
In "Voting Alone," Rick Valelly argues that we should oppose electronic voting because it would "transform voting, an

continued on page 49

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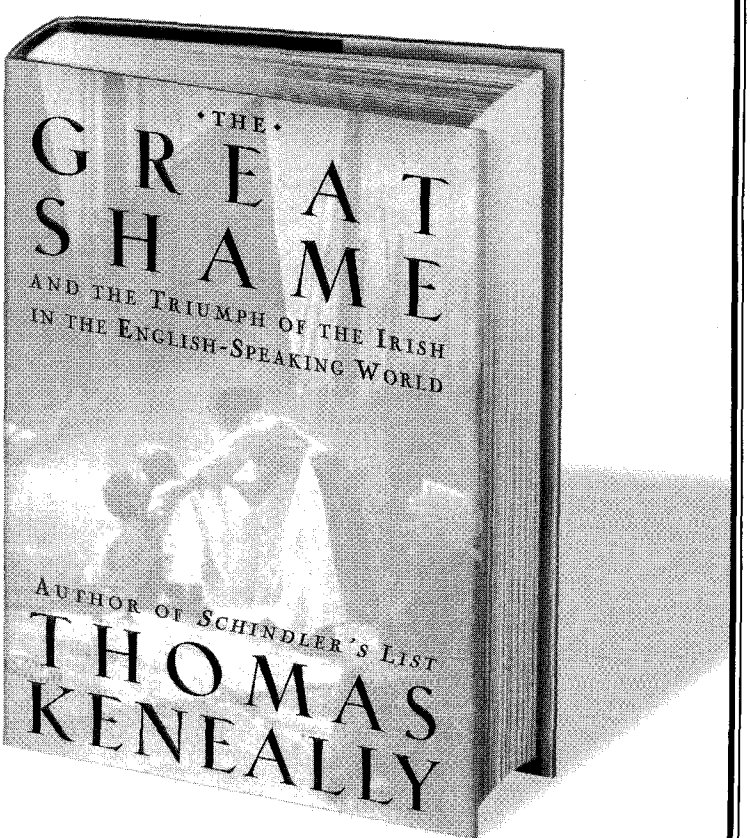

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Wounded

IT WAS ONLY last year that Americans marked the thirtieth anniversary of the My Lai massacre, that horrible incident on the morning of March 16, 1968, during which U.S. Army soldiers deliberately gunned down hundreds of defenseless men, women, and children in a South Vietnamese village. That war crime was incompletely prosecuted; its meaning is still bitterly debated among an American public divided to this day over the war in Vietnam.

And now another Asian village, the Korean hamlet of No Gun Ri, has emerged from the shadows of military history to claim a place next to My Lai in the catalog of the Army's shame. According to a superbly documented Associated Press story that drew on declassified American materials as well as on eyewitness accounts from both Korean survivors and veterans of the Army's Seventh Cavalry Regiment, U.S. troops were ordered to machine-gun hundreds of refugees from No Gun Ri during the frantic early days of the Korean War. The most agonizing part of the story is that the survivors and the victims' relatives have been pressing their claims for justice for decades, only to be silenced by the South Korean government or brushed aside by the Pentagon. As recently as 1997, the U.S. Armed Forces Claims Service told the Koreans, inaccurately, that there was "no evidence" that the Seventh Cavalry had even been in the vicinity on the day in question.

Justifiably concerned about the implications for U.S.-South Korean relations, the Clinton administration has ordered a thorough investigation that, with luck, will produce a full and accurate account of what happened. What's perhaps even more important, though, is that the United States comes clean about the half-century-long cover-up of this awful event.

But let's also hope that this won't turn into an occasion to besmirch the entire Korean War effort or otherwise tilt the discussion of the U.S. role in the cold war. Horrible as it appears to have been, the No Gun Ri massacre does not invalidate the U.N.-sanctioned American effort to roll back a North Korean invasion, which, if successful, would have subjected the entire Korean peninsula to a long dark night of official murder and economic deprivation.

Rather, the No Gun Ri investigation should be an occasion to reflect seriously on the causes of war crimes; the mitigating factors, if any, that should be taken into account when evaluating them; and the appropriate means for ensuring accountability, even long after the fact.

Clearly one mitigating factor at No Gun Ri was the sheer chaos of the situation surrounding the ill-trained and hastily deployed American troops. They found themselves desperately trying to maneuver along roads clogged with refugees—refugees their commanders told them might well be North Korean soldiers in disguise. James Webb, the secretary of the Navy under Ronald Reagan who served as a Marine officer in Vietnam, has already decreed in *The Wall Street Journal* that these factors should be enough to absolve the Seventh Cavalry. He even comes close to implying that deliberately killing the refugees might have been acceptable, if morally gut-wrenching, if the alternative was losing American soldiers, especially since "the only true protection [the United States] can give the [South Koreans] is to defeat the invading enemy."

Webb is right to weigh the American action against the possible alternatives, but, even so, he goes too far. The order to shoot the refugees, who, contrary to what Webb implies, were already basically confined by the U.S. forces under a bridge, was clearly illegal. "No refugees to cross the front line," the order read. "Fire everyone trying to cross lines. Use discretion in case of women and children." Soldiers are bound to follow only lawful orders; indeed, they are duty-bound to disobey unlawful ones. The accounts published by the A.P. and others make clear that several American soldiers did, indeed, refuse to shoot at the women and children, just as Warrant Officer Hugh Thompson, a helicopter pilot, intervened to stop the slaughter at My Lai. Fear is a powerful factor in every soldier's mind; it can even mitigate culpability in some circumstances; but in a civilized Army it cannot be permitted to trump individual conscience.

Webb has a stronger point when he notes the hypocrisy of focusing on the up-close killing at No Gun Ri instead of on the basically intentional aerial slaughter of civilians at Dresden and Tokyo. All I can say is, Two wrongs don't make a right. But Webb's provocative comparison does have implications for such recent events as our intervention in Kosovo. Many fault the United States for having attacked Serb forces, government offices, and factories only from 15,000 feet and above, a policy that surely contributed to the deaths of dozens of Kosovar refugees who were mistaken for Serb troops on the ground, as well as many Serb civilians. But, given the extraordinary accuracy of the weaponry the United States employed whenever possible and the lengths to which pilots went to avoid inflicting civilian casualties, damage due to the 15,000-feet-and-above policy cannot fairly be called a war crime. The air war in Yugoslavia was anything but another Dresden. Also, one lesson of No Gun Ri is that, if the United States had gone in on the ground in Kosovo, heavy civilian casualties might also have taken place, especially given the foreseeable difficulty of sorting Serb paramilitaries from the civilian Serb population.

But, if Webb errs on the side of post hoc absolution, there is little point in taking an overly prosecutorial attitude toward the men of No Gun Ri. North Korea started the whole thing. And those who are principally responsible on the U.S. side—the senior planners who put American troops into such an untenable position in the first place, along with the field commanders who gave the hasty, unconscionable order to shoot refugees—are mostly dead. The applicable U.S. law provides that Korean War vets who are now civilians could not be prosecuted for their actions during wartime (though the rule was recently changed to permit such prosecution of former soldiers in the future). But even if it were possible, what purpose would it serve to haul the soldiers who followed the terrible order into court now? It would certainly be unfair to those who have finally broken their silence to tell what happened.

The government's approach to this issue must be premised on the healing power of truth, full disclosure, and, where appropriate, official remorse. The investigation should be a thorough, no-holds-barred affair; it should name names. If, as seems likely, the story is confirmed, the result should be generous compensation, as well as official written apologies, for the families of the victims. But there should also be medals for the Americans who refused to fire on the refugees, just as Thompson was finally decorated last year for his heroic effort to stop My Lai.

For its role in saving South Korea from North Korean Stalinism, this nation need never apologize. But our strength can also be demonstrated through our willingness, however belated, to acknowledge that that effort, along with other battles of the cold war, was not an unblemished one. Indeed, without a full accounting for No Gun Ri, we risk undermining the legitimacy of American efforts to bring today's real war criminals to book.

CHARLES LANE

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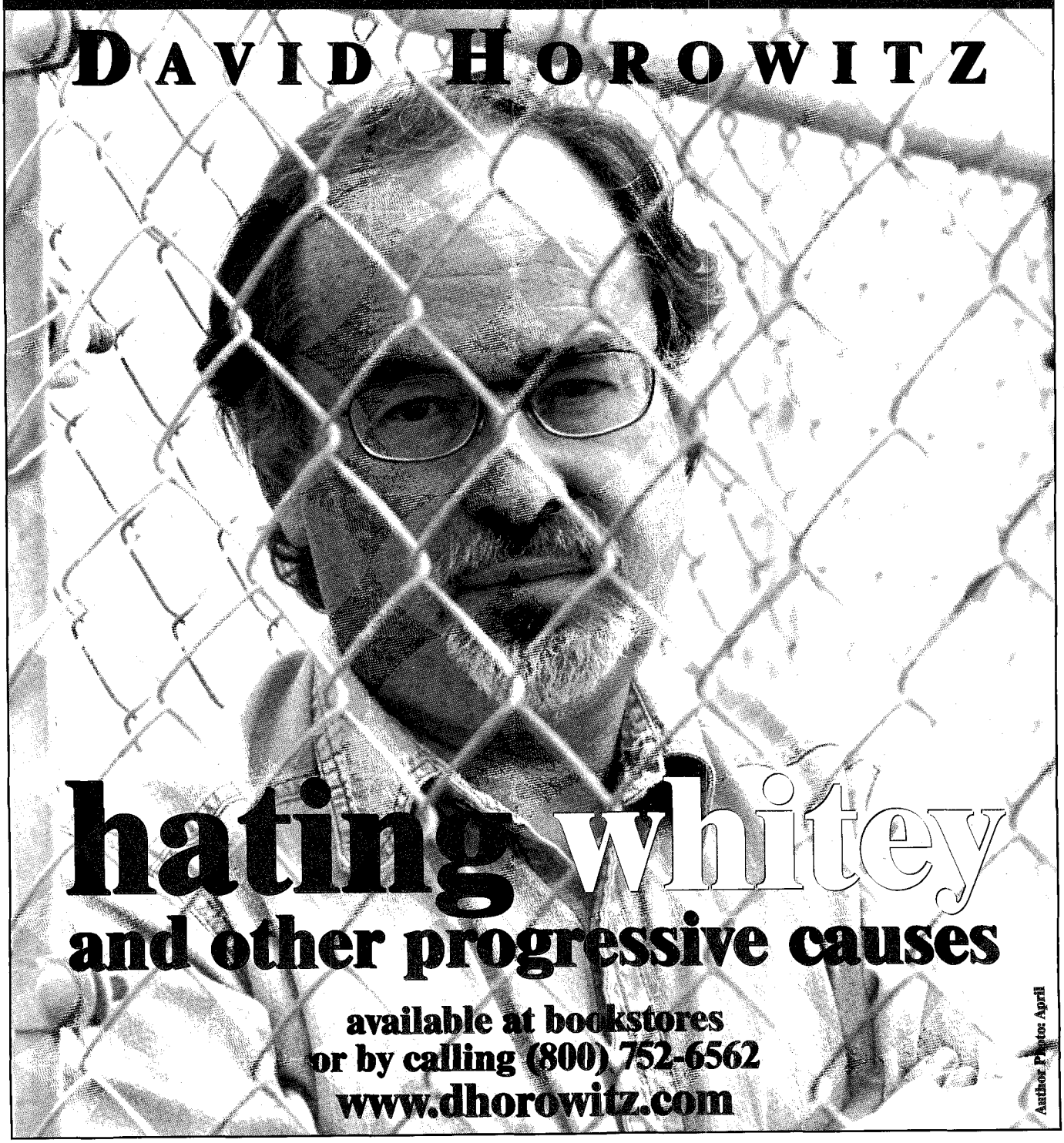

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Rising Tide

THINK BACK TO 1993, when President Clinton was cobbling together his first budget. As you may recall, even though his budget package—a sensible, middle-of-the-road plan that sought to spark a then-fledgling economic recovery by lowering the federal deficit—eventually became law, it wasn't particularly popular with conservatives or liberals. "I have been known as an optimist—always believing that better days will lie ahead," Ronald Reagan wrote in August 1993. "But, right now, I have serious concerns about the future of America if this tax-and-spend plan becomes law." Liberals were similarly pessimistic, convinced that the plan's focus on lowering the deficit would hurt the poor. Political adviser Paul Begala famously summed up this view when he called Leon Panetta, Clinton's then-budget director and the plan's chief architect, "the poster boy for economic constipation."

Now, return to the present and the latest economic figures from the Census Bureau. As for the conservative fear that the budget plan would wreck prosperity, census data for 1998 show that median family income rose to an all-time high of $38,885—a $1,300, or 3.5 percent, increase over the previous year's median income and, in percentage terms, tied for the largest one-year gain since 1978. And the rich, who were supposedly going to be destroyed by Clinton's "tax-and-spend" plan, are doing better than ever. In 1998 the top five percent of households—those making $132,199 or more—accounted for 49.2 percent of all income, compared with the top five percent's 46.6 percent share in 1990.

But more important than the numbers showing economic gains for the rich and the middle class are the census data that show that the poor have also benefited from this robust economy. Indeed, far from hurting the poor, as liberals feared it would, the 1993 budget plan actually led to a sustained, widely shared economic growth. The latest census data show that the poverty rate declined for the third straight year—in 1998 it dropped from 13.3 percent to 12.7 percent, the lowest it's been since 1979, when it was 11.7 percent. That means that in 1998 there were 1.1 million fewer people living in poverty than in 1997. As Clinton accurately summed up the data, "The best news is that these gains finally are being shared with all groups in America, from the wealthiest to the poorest."

In this way, then, the latest census data can be read as an endorsement not only of the New Democratic approach to economics but also of the New Democratic approach to attacking poverty. Indeed, what makes the New Democratic approach to poverty work is precisely the fact that it is linked to the New Democratic approach to the economy.

As Bob Woodward reported in his book *The Agenda*, during the 1992 campaign, Robert Reich—who would become Clinton's first labor secretary—advised then-candidate Clinton to call for a guaranteed federal retraining program that would provide an income subsidy for two years to anyone who was poor, unemployed, or on welfare. But Clinton wisely said no. Reich's plan would not only have cost $100 billion; it would also have provided recipients a disincentive to seek work.

Instead, Clinton, once in office, took the smart approach of trying to boost the overall competitiveness of the economy through such policies as the North American Free Trade Agreement. Indeed, the new decrease in poverty seems mostly attributable to the overall strength of the economy. The 1998 unemployment rate was 4.5 percent, the lowest since 1969, and the tight labor market has helped raise wages for the lowest-paid workers, who, after two decades of steady declines in pay, actually saw their wages increase between 1996 and 1998.

That's not to say that Clinton left the fate of the poor entirely in the hands of the free market. He's used government programs in a focused way to help the poor. The minimum-wage increase of 1996 no doubt helped raise wages for the working poor. But just as important in alleviating poverty was the 1993 expansion of the Earned Income Tax Credit (EITC), a subsidy for the working poor designed to offset regressive payroll taxes. Using an experimental index that takes the tax credit into account, the Census Bureau estimates that the EITC has been responsible for lifting 4.3 million people out of poverty since 1993.

The lessons? Democrats must acknowledge that today's prosperity was made possible at least in part by the much-derided "trickle-down" policies of the Reagan years, which injected a needed note of entrepreneurship into a sluggish economy while wringing out inflation at a high short-term cost in unemployment and poverty. But Republicans must concede that Democrats—New Democrats, to be precise—have proven perfectly capable of writing a happy ending to the story through restrained but progressive policies that made sure the rising tide really did lift all boats. ■

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NOTEBOOK

POOR CHOICE OF WORDS: Kansas got well-deserved bad press for altering its state educational guidelines in ways that discourage the teaching of Darwinian evolution. Phillip Johnson of the University of California at Berkeley, the Sir Galahad of the anti-Darwin movement and a defender of the Kansas board, points out that another crucial—but overlooked—aspect of the decision was a change in the definition of science. Originally, the Kansas Board of Education defined science as the search for "natural" explanations for the observed world; the final statement said instead that science should be seen as the search for "logical" explanations. Fair enough. If science is the search for natural explanations, then, by definition, it rejects explanations based on a higher power—a minor but real rhetorical slighting of religion. Still, calling science the search for logical explanations may not help creationism, which has a long way to go before it can even qualify as logical, let alone consistent with the evidence of paleontology. Now comes another single-word change by a state, and this time there's nothing to be said for it. Last week the Kentucky Education Department deleted the word "evolution" from its public school guidelines. You can still teach evolution; you just can't call it "evolution." You must say, instead, "change over time," as in, "Class, today will we discuss Darwin's theory of change over time." Absurdly, reports the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "[t]he word evolution was removed because it ran afoul of the agency's testing sensitivity guidelines, designed to keep children from taking a position on uncomfortable subjects like death, divorce, and animal rights." It's one thing to advocate teaching that there is an evolution-versus-creationism controversy; that's a way to help the young learn to think. Barring students from hearing words (by the way, what's so outré about "animal rights"?) is a way to *prevent* thought. Is that Kentucky's goal?

Rising Incomes Lift 1.1 Million Out of Poverty

—*The New York Times*, October 1

Household Incomes Are At a High

Poverty Changes Little, Census Bureau Reports

—*The Washington Post*, same day

TEXAS LEAGUER: The centerpiece of George W. Bush's most recent education plan is an overhaul of the Education Department that would consolidate its 60 elementary and secondary education programs into five flexible-funding streams. The five streams would focus federal dollars on improving the achievement of disadvantaged children, promoting fluency in English, training and recruiting teachers, encouraging character development, improving school safety, and promoting innovation and informed parental choice. Bush summed up the plan as "freedom in exchange for achievement.... Latitude in return for results." Interestingly, this plan has a Democratic analogue. Last April, the Progressive Policy Institute (an arm of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council), released a report by then-PPI analyst Andrew Rotherham that called for a consolidation of all Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA) funding into six categories: aid for disadvantaged students, teacher training, assistance for students with limited proficiency in English, innovative strategies, state administration, and public school choice. "ESEA has calcified into a confusing, unfocused, and largely ineffective statute, as a result of interest group pressure, constituency politics, and Washington's inability to eliminate or consolidate even the smallest or least effective government program," wrote Rotherham, who now works at the White House.

THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE: "A shark in a tank of formaldehyde drew positive responses, but some thought a cut-up cow did not work as well."—Photo caption accompanying a story about the Brooklyn Museum of Art's "Sensation" show, *The New York Times*, October 1, 1999.

IRRADIATED EXPERTISE: Now that, thankfully, it appears that the accident at a Japanese atomic facility on September 30 was minor, it's time to wonder about the reaction of American electronic-media organizations. Talking heads endlessly made comparisons—favorable and unfavorable—among the Japanese accident, Chernobyl, and the 1979 nuclear incident at the Three Mile Island reactor in Pennsylvania. But the analogizing was absurd. Chernobyl was a real technological catastrophe and humanitarian horror; at least 400 people were killed during its initial hours, and many thousands more were made sick, some incurably. Three Mile Island was just north of a nonevent. No one was harmed, and follow-up studies have detected few, if any, health effects in the surrounding community. That's the sort of distinction people doing instant analysis of a uranium accident really ought to know.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS, I: Newt Gingrich was closely associated with the Progress & Freedom Foundation from its beginnings, but he was not formally involved in the founding of the organization, as was suggested in these pages last week (John B. Judis, "Taxing Issue," October 11).

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS, II: An essay by Akhil Reed Amar reported that President Bush pardoned Ronald Reagan's secretary of defense, Caspar Weinberger, before independent counsel Lawrence Walsh had charged Weinberger with any crime ("Scandalized," October 11). In fact, Weinberger had already been indicted by December 1992, when Bush issued the pardon. ■

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The rise of the "going postal" industry.

Workplace Worrywarts

By MICHELLE COTTLE

LOOK OVER AT the colleague toiling in the next cubicle. Is he a white man in his thirties or forties? Does he seem stressed out? Does he suffer from low self-esteem? Do people suspect he's experiencing personal problems—tiffs with the wife, attitude from the kids? If so, you should start being really, *really* nice to this guy, because he fits the profile of someone at risk to go berserk one day soon and start blowing away his coworkers like a character in a Tarantino flick.

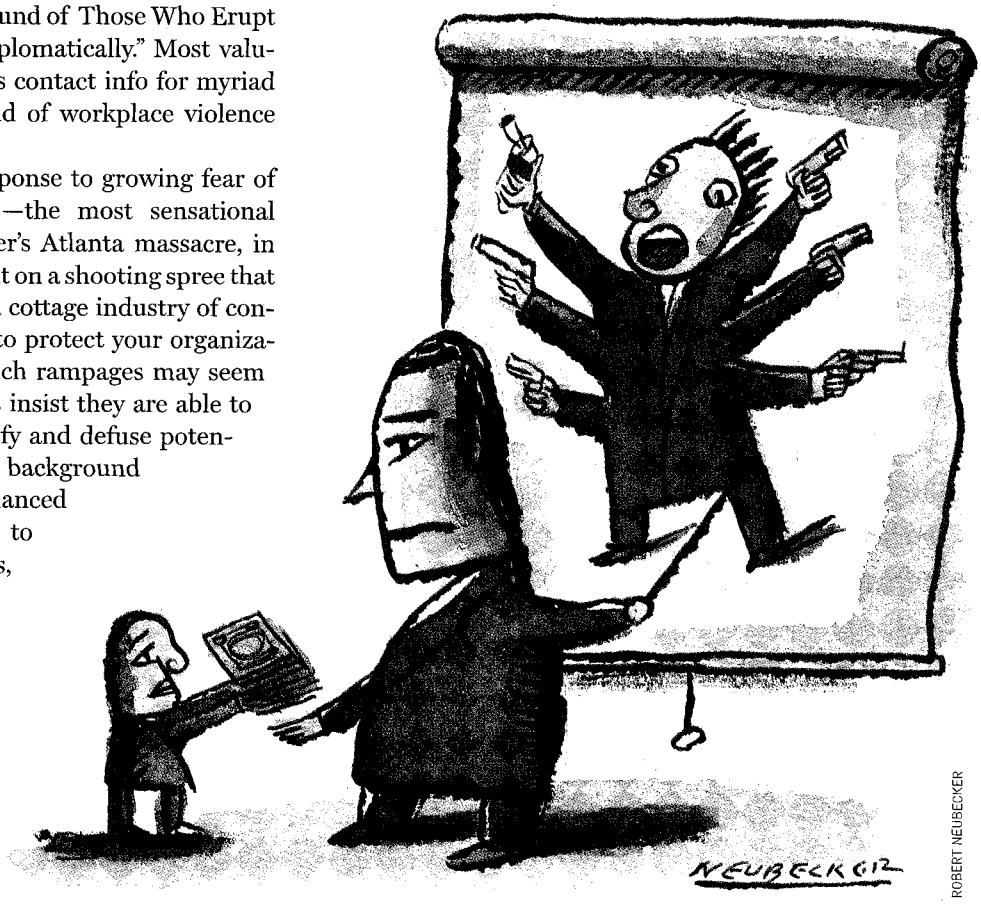
Don't take my word for it: I learned these tips from a new newsletter called "Workplace Violence Briefings: News You Need to Know." For $195 a year, you too can receive a monthly dose of anxiety-inducing stats, headlines, and snippets such as "Routine HR Activities Can Trigger Violence" and "Why the Risk of Workplace Violence Will Increase." Also included are quickie articles on prevention: "Watch for These Subtle Warning Signs of Impending Violence," "Similarities in the Background of Those Who Erupt in Violence," "How to Say 'No' Diplomatically." Most valuable of all, the newsletter provides contact info for myriad experts in the now white-hot field of workplace violence prevention.

It was bound to happen. In response to growing fear of high-profile workplace tragedies—the most sensational recent example being this summer's Atlanta massacre, in which day trader Mark Barton went on a shooting spree that left nine dead and 13 wounded—a cottage industry of consultants has sprung up, pledging to protect your organization from a similar fate. While such rampages may seem frighteningly random, consultants insist they are able to employ a variety of tools to identify and defuse potentially bloody situations: employee background checks, profiles to screen out unbalanced job applicants, manager training to help spot on-the-edge employees, security systems to keep out angry people with weapons, and so on. Costs vary depending on what you want and how many employees will participate: basic training videos are a few hundred dollars, while comprehensive programs and security systems can easily hit six figures.

Companies of every size and flavor are signing on: Mazda, CalTrans, the city of San Francisco, the state of New Jersey—even the U.S. Air Force. Some clients want help addressing an existing "situation"—a disgruntled ex-employee or friction among coworkers. Others simply hope to guard against the chaos they're seeing on television; most consultants say that in the wake of media events such as Columbine and Atlanta, demand for their services rises dramatically.

Such a response is understandable—but unfortunate. Many prevention programs are a monumental waste. Sure, there's a chance your organization can reduce—though never eliminate—the risk of "an incident." But, for the vast majority of businesses, the additional margin of safety will not be worth the necessary investment of time, money, and emotional energy. And that doesn't even factor in the intangible social cost of promoting the idea that employers are somehow responsible for shielding us against not only foreseeable hazards such as shoddy equipment or toxic substances but also the most irrational, unpredictable tendencies of our fellow man.

Forget what you think you know from the media. There is no epidemic of deadly workplace violence; in fact, fatalities are own almost 20 percent from 1992. Last year, the Bureau of Labor Statistics put the total number of workplace homicides at 709—just seven more than the number of workers killed by falling from a roof, scaffold, or other lofty perch. Still, if that figure makes you nervous, there are basic steps you can take to safeguard your person. Number one: Don't drive a taxi. Cabbies have long endured the high-



ROBERT NEUBECKER

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est death rate of any occupation: between 1990 and 1992, 41 of every 100,000 were killed on the job. You should also steer clear of jobs at liquor stores or gas stations. More than 75 percent of workplace homicides in this country occur during the commission of another crime, such as robbery. Referred to as Type I violence, these attacks are perpetrated by strangers seeking money, not coworkers seeking vengeance.

Other employees at increased risk of violence are police officers, prison guards, security guards, and health care workers. They face what the state of California calls Type II violence, "an assault by someone who is either the recipient or the object of a service provided by the affected workplace or the victim" (e.g., getting injured or killed while trying to restrain a violent convict or mental patient).

Obviously, we don't want to downplay these dangers. There are concrete precautions that employers can and should take to improve worker safety in high-risk fields: installing security cameras, additional lighting, bullet-proof partitions, lock-drop safes, and panic buttons. Similarly, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has violence-prevention guidelines for the health care industry.

MORE AND MORE, however, what companies are angsting about—and what consultants are focusing on—is Type III violence, which consists not only of coworker rampages but also of instances in which domestic discord spills over into the workplace, and a crazed husband storms into the office itching to teach his woman (and anyone else who crosses his path) a brutal lesson. "Companies are looking to prevent the sensational stuff," says Richard Fascia, president of Jeopardy Management Group in Cranston, Rhode Island.

For consultants, the advantages of specializing in Type III violence prevention are clear. Although Type III episodes occur far less frequently than do other types, their random nature means that essentially any organization is a candidate for prevention counseling. ("Everyone needs it—absolutely," says Dana Picore, a Los Angeles cop-turned-consultant.) Moreover, while the owner of the corner liquor store might be loath to drop big bucks on violence prevention, the management of a large accounting firm might not even blink at the cost. Thus, instead of targeting the industries hardest hit by violence, the market is becoming saturated with employment attorneys, clinical psychologists, and retired law enforcement agents clamoring to advise you on how to keep the Mark Bartons at bay. There has been "an explosion of training, an explosion of consultants," says Joseph A. Kinney, president of the National Safe Workplace Institute, a consulting firm in Charlotte, North Carolina.

So why should we care if some hysterical human resources managers fall for the latest consulting craze? Put aside the practical matter that there are almost certainly better ways to spend corporate (or government) resources. In a broader sense, this trend just isn't healthy: bringing in a high-paid consultant to talk at length about what to do if a colleague decides to try a little target shooting in the executive washroom is just as likely to exacerbate our collective fears as to alleviate them. "If we have big programs to counter a danger, then the danger must be large—or so our reasoning goes," says Barry Glassner, a professor of sociology at the University of Southern California and the author of *The Culture of Fear*. "The more programs we have and the bigger they get, the bigger the problem seems.... [I]n fact, we're living in about the safest time in human history."

Consultants counter that they're concerned with preventing not only homicides but also the more common eruptions of low-level violence: shouting matches in the boardroom, abusive language, fistfights on the loading dock. But it's clearly the sensational killings they want employers to think of. The website of one Sacramento consultant features graphics depicting bullet holes and exploding bombs and cautions: "We often hire the person that kills us. It is the killer in our ranks that we must address...." Another firm's ad sucks you in with the words "HE'S GOT A GUN!" in bold red letters.

Then, of course, there are the two words guaranteed to make any manager's blood run cold: legal liability. Consultants note that, while they cannot guarantee you a violence-free work environment, they can protect you from lawsuits if something does occur. They are quick to cite the "general duty" clause of the Occupational Safety and Health Act, which requires employers to guard against "recognized hazards" in the workplace. All Safety Training's website shrieks, "If you have employees, you have a Workplace Violence problem! Because you are *required* to provide a safe workplace, *you can be held liable*, and your costs can run into the MILLIONS of dollars!"

BUT THIS THREAT, too, is wildly overstated. OSHA has no specific guidelines on the Type III violence most companies fear. The agency has issued safety recommendations for high-risk workplaces, such as late-night retail establishments, but it is exceedingly vague about what it expects from, say, brokerage firms. "It's very rare that workers are able to sue employers for workplace violence," says Charles Craver, a professor of employment law at George Washington University. Because of the broad immunity workers'-comp laws provide employers, "in most assault-type cases, the recourse against an employer is solely workers' compensation," he explains. There are rare exceptions—if, for example, there's proof that an employer deliberately injured workers or that the company negligently brought someone on board whom they knew, or suspected, to be prone to violent behavior. But the burden of proof is high. As long as a company behaved with "reasonable care," says Craver, the suit will likely go nowhere.

This is not to imply that consultants are preying on our fear simply to make a fast buck. Many of them got into the field after years in law enforcement and are painfully aware of the dark side of human nature. They speak movingly of the tragedies they have witnessed on the job and of lives shattered by violence. But do we really want to adopt their understandably paranoid perspective in our workplaces? This seems an unreasonably high price to pay to combat what is, in reality, a blessedly marginal danger. ■

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Campaign Journal

Truth-tellers

By Dana Milbank

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

It is fashionable these days to bemoan the corrosive influence the "front-loaded" primary season has on our politics. New Hampshire moved its primary from February 15 to February 8 and has now settled on February 1 after threatening to switch to December. Iowa retaliates, while South Carolina, New York, and California join the stampede.

Admittedly, this struggle for primary primacy is warping democracy. But such negative thoughts ignore the substantial benefit of the early California primary, which forces the candidates—and therefore reporters—to spend more time here. As I write this, I am sitting in my $340-a-night room at the Beverly Hills Hotel, wearing a terry-cloth robe and slippers. I just had a soak in the hot tub beneath the palm trees and lounged poolside in a cabana. Yesterday, I strolled on the Santa Monica and Venice beaches. In a couple of hours, Angel, the hotel's driver, will take me on a complimentary stretch-limousine ride down the street to a reception, where I will sip Chardonnay with Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman. This never happens in Iowa.

It occurs to me that The New Republic's accountants occasionally read my stories, so I should add that this is all legitimate company business. I must be rested in order to complete what my fellow journalists are calling the "triple-header"—a single day in which we will have seen George W. Bush in Bakersfield, John McCain's campaign kickoff in Simi Valley, and Beatty's nonevent here. And that's not all: Steve Forbes and Elizabeth Dole were in California last weekend, and Al Gore was here earlier this month. Yesterday I saw Bill Bradley in Los Angeles, and tomorrow I'll see McCain again in San Diego. And Gary Bauer planned to be in San Francisco this week—not that anybody cares.

From this long list of hopefuls, I am concentrating on three—Beatty, Bradley, and McCain. They claim to be the truth-tellers of 2000, the ones who say the impolitic things that make campaigns meaningful and candidates interesting.

My plan to travel to the Beatty event in the Beverly Hills Hotel's limousine proves a bit awkward. As Angel and I approach the event, I see dozens of cameras at the hotel entrance, so I try to sneak away from the limo. But, a moment later, I get a call on my cell phone from my mother, who has just seen me on "Rivera Live." Presently, there is a barrage of flashbulbs, and I hurry to catch a glimpse of Beatty. But it turns out to be Larry Flynt, who has just emerged from his Bentley (license plate: HUSTLR). Shortly before seven o'clock, the time for maximum exposure, Beatty, trailed by Garry Shandling, arrives with Annette Bening. Beatty wades through the scrum and greets George Stephanopoulos, who is posing as a journalist, notebook and all. In the strobe light of flashes, I can see the inevitable merging of political and celebrity journalism into one indistinguishable mob.

Then, disaster. The Beatty event is being hosted by Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), an increasingly marginal group of liberals and one not accustomed to attention. The tickets arrive late and there aren't enough tables, causing many guests to have to wander around hungry. "If they run a campaign like this, we're lost," says George Winard, an older ADA member who has been searching for seats for himself and his wife for more than an hour. I spy Marc Cooper of *The Nation*, and we agree that this is what the world would be like if liberals were in charge. At just this moment, Dustin Hoffman approaches us, drink in hand, to deliver a Beatty sound bite: "If he were in Nixon's position, he would've burned the tapes. If he were in Bush's position, he would've had a better line than 'I was out of the loop.' If he were in Clinton's position and he got a blow job from his intern...." Well, you get the idea.

The proceedings feature a video of Roseanne describing the would-be candidate as "a nice piece of ass." Norman Lear declares: "I'm here to endorse what could be a powerful populist voice." But the powerful populist is noncommittal and self-indulgent. He calls himself an "unrepentant, bleeding-heart, tax-and-spend liberal Democrat." That ends his candidacy, and he knows it. "I have no problem professing all this, because I love my day job," he says. "I like to make movies and I want to keep on making them." He proceeds to deliver a sermon about the rich-poor gap and the "slow-motion coup d'état of big money's interest." Legitimate issues. But if the situation is so dire, then surely Beatty will run. Nope. "Keep the spirit," he tells us. Thanks, Warren.

Beatty's goal, we soon learn, is merely to target the left-leaning Bradley, to "speak up and move him in a more liberal direction." That hardly seems necessary just now. Like Beatty, Bradley has been preaching the art of the impossible. His campaign finance reform plan is wonderful, but Bradley must know that the GOP will never buy his call for vast public financing of elections. His health care plan, introduced this week, is similarly lofty but unworkable. By his own estimates, the plan, which would ensure that 95 percent of Americans have health insurance, would cost as much as $65 billion a year. In my notebook, I record my first impression: "Noble, but loopy."

Indeed, as journalists pepper Bradley and his staff with thorny questions on his health care plan, these answers come back: "We'll have to work on that.... We haven't worked that detail out.... That would be something we'd have to review." Bradley tells reporters that "we should get beyond incrementalism," calling Gore's health care plan "timid." But one man's timidity is another man's political feasibility. Bradley, himself an incremental lawmaker in the Senate, knows pie-in-the-sky proposals don't happen. Gore, who is wisely shedding consultants (lead pollster Mark Penn's demise surprised some top staffers who had denied my earlier report that he

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Where We Stand

A commentary on public education and other critical issues

First Choice

By SANDRA FELDMAN, President
American Federation of Teachers

People who want to know where Americans stand on education issues look forward to the yearly Phi Delta Kappa/Gallup Poll. They take its findings seriously because it is careful and nonpartisan—interested in probing the public's ideas about education rather than winning converts to a particular point of view. The most recent poll, which came out last month, shows that a big majority of the American public supports public education. (One author of the report said it affirms "our national commitment to educating all our children in the public schools.") It also reveals that most Americans who support vouchers favor a very different kind of program from the one voucher advocates are pushing.

While close to 50 percent of Americans find some version of vouchers or tax credits acceptable, over 70 percent come out strongly in support of public education. When asked to choose the best way of improving education, nearly three-quarters said we should reform the public schools rather than go with a different system. The numbers were approximately the same when people were offered vouchers as the alternative. In short, Americans certainly have not given up on public education. They greatly prefer it to vouchers, and they consider improving the current public school system something that can and should be done.

Stumbling Blocks

What do Americans see as the impediments to improving public education? Respondents were asked to volunteer their own ideas, and the "obstacles" that top the list are "finances/funding," "parents/lack of parent involvement," and "government," with "finances" as number one. Despite what the pundits say, the public knows that schools need money to reach higher standards, and it is willing to foot the bill.

Furthermore—politicians take note—none of the major problems was laid at the door of the schools. Few people think that administrators, teachers, or teacher unions are the big culprits. The major impediments in their view are officials' unwillingness to improve school funding and parents who aren't involved in supporting their children's education.

Another finding should seriously concern voucher advocates, most of whom are opposed to making voucher schools publicly accountable. More than 75 percent of Americans—including those who support giving public dollars to private schools—say that private schools that get public funds should be open to the same public scrutiny and regulation as public schools.

Most Americans want to improve public education, not trade it in for a new system.

People think private schools enjoying public funding should be more like public schools in another important way: They want these schools to be open to all students and thus to include the same broad range of social class, race, and academic ability that public schools do. Yet most voucher proposals insist on having "no strings attached." In fact, studies show that most private and religious schools would be unwilling to accept money on the terms the public thinks should be required of them. And understandably so. Many of these schools don't publish their budgets or salary schedules or reveal curriculum details or participate in statewide testing—and they like it that way.

Religious Freedom and Accountability

For religious schools, public scrutiny and accountability raise issues of religious freedom; the deep infusion of religion throughout their curriculum and lessons is essential to them, as is their freedom to require children to attend religious services. They don't want state interference in any of that. Yet, accountability to the broader public must go along with public funding. The public demands it, and it is right to do so.

A recent study by the independent Center on Education Policy of the few countries that give payments to private and religious schools shows that the more public dollars schools get, the more they are regulated, until the differences between private and public schools are practically erased, with national curricula, national exams, and national teacher certification requirements applied to all schools, public and private.

Americans are smart. They value the education they received in public schools and while they want to see today's schools improved, they firmly believe that public is the way to go. Furthermore, Americans are not interested in spending public money without public oversight.

If political leaders are also smart, they'll support the movement for higher standards, smaller classes, better discipline, ending social promotion, and repairing our aging buildings rather than push for vouchers. Why focus on what divides Americans—and doesn't work—when they can focus on what unites us and works! ▮

Where We Stand is published once every month in *The New Republic*. To comment, write to Sandra Feldman, AFT, 555 New Jersey Ave. N.W., Washington, DC 20001. **© Sandra Feldman 1999.** **Visit our web site (http://www.aft.org).**

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was vulnerable—see "Tony the Tiger," August 9) and calling for debates, is ready to confront Bradley about this.

If Beatty is an implausible candidate with implausible ideas and Bradley is a plausible candidate with some implausible ideas, McCain is that rarity among truth-tellers: a plausible candidate with plausible ideas. McCain increasingly finds himself the chief rival to Bush. Dole's money problems, staff departures, and reluctance to take stands have removed her from contention; Dan Quayle has quit the race; and Pat Buchanan is quitting the party. That leaves McCain as the mainstream alternative to Bush and Forbes as the conservative alternative.

McCain, like Bradley, is a favorite of the national press, in part because reporters love challengers and in part because both men are heroes. But, while Bradley appears aloof, McCain is an ordinary guy, without artifice—or perhaps he's just very good at artifice. This week, he asked an aide to move so I could sit with him and his wife on a flight from San Diego to Phoenix. He talked about politics, but also about the ordinary—a war buddy fallen on hard times, the MTV awards, his son's lacrosse team.

Still, the main reason the press loves McCain is his gruff honesty. At his California kickoff at the Ronald Reagan Library, McCain speaks freely about Russia ("very much like their leader, an alcoholic who has to hit bottom"), military bases ("we have too many"), low military pay ("responsibility lies as much with Congress as it does with the president"), and, most of all, abuse of soft money ("this is an incumbent-protection racket"). McCain told me that he's inspired by Morris Udall, the late liberal Democratic congressman from Arizona. When Udall lost a bid for House majority leader, McCain relates, he declared that the difference between a cactus and a caucus was that "in a cactus, the pricks are on the outside."

McCain's obsession with campaign finance reform—which he shares with the other truth-tellers, Bradley and Beatty—is arguably the main source of his popularity among reporters. "A lot of them cover Congress," McCain says. "They see the effects of money. They see the tax breaks and who gets priority." Reporters may disagree with McCain on social issues, but they share his belief that campaign finance abuse is so big a problem that it colors all else. And that's the core of McCain's appeal. Americans who quarrel with McCain's stances on abortion, gay rights, labor, or the poor may still find reason to support him, because if he were to lessen the overwhelming influence of money in politics, chances are the government would adopt policies more in tune with the needs of people who don't have a lot of money. Even abortion policy, McCain says, should be seen through the campaign finance prism. "It's the special interests that make a business out of it and prevent the issue from being resolved," he says. Instead, they could be solving the problem by promoting more adoption. McCain himself has adopted three children, including a daughter who is from Bangladesh.

Penn, Gore's deposed pollster, has advised Clinton and Gore that campaign finance reform doesn't interest voters. Bush seems to be getting similar advice. McCain disagrees. "Mark Penn is mistaken—he asks the question in terms of campaign finance reform," he says. "But if you frame it in terms of special interests and corruption in Washington, it is a big issue out there." Let's hope McCain is right. But, at his speech this week in San Diego, where 300 Naval Academy alumni cheer him heartily, he gets no applause for his attack on the campaign finance system.

McCain is not one to be deterred, however. A few hours later, in Arizona, the truth-teller is doggedly hammering away again at "special interests" and "corruption." Campaign finance reform, he says, simply must happen. "Until I draw my last breath, I will fight for it," he vows. It's no wonder so many in the press wish McCain long life. ■

The flawed test ban treaty.

Poor Pact

By Frank J. Gaffney Jr.

If current vote-counts prove accurate and no last-minute postponement is agreed to, the Senate will not provide the two-thirds support necessary to ratify the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (CTBT). Although the Clinton administration acts as if this would be disastrous for the struggle against nuclear proliferation, defeat of the CTBT would actually be a victory for American national security.

As the administration has implicitly conceded by sending Energy Secretary Bill Richardson on a last-minute trip to Russia to negotiate better verification procedures, many senators harbor deep concerns about the treaty's verifiability. They are right to do so. U.S. intelligence suspects (but cannot prove) that both the Russians and the Chinese have conducted covert nuclear tests in recent months. In fact, it is impossible to verify a total, or "zero-yield," ban on all nuclear testing, since foreign monitors cannot reliably differentiate covert low-yield explosions from earthquakes or conventional explosions.

This would be true even if the sort of worldwide seismic monitoring system to be established under the CTBT (thanks largely to the administration's decision to put U.S. intelligence assets at the service of a multilateral organization) were in place. For political, if not technical, reasons, the data compiled by the "international community" will probably be even less conducive to a finding of noncompliance than the iffy information the United States often gets on its own.

Treaty proponents point to the CTBT's provision for on-site inspections. Such inspections are far from automatic and can be stymied by U.N. Security Council members determined to block them. If nations exploit well-understood techniques for muffling the seismic shocks that such events precipitate

Frank J. Gaffney Jr., president of the Center for Security Policy in Washington, was deputy assistant secretary of defense for nuclear forces and arms control policy and acting assistant secretary of defense for international security policy in the Reagan administration.

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("decoupling"), they can increase the yield of their tests without getting caught—as the United States proved in its own 1960 experiment.

Even if the CTBT were fully verifiable, it would be irrelevant to the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Explosive testing is simply no longer the sine qua non of a nuclear development and acquisition program. From Israel to North Korea, countries have acquired atomic devices without conducting identified nuclear tests. (Pakistan and India conducted their recent tests for political, not technological, reasons, and the tests took place years after each of them had gotten the bomb.) Even Clinton's CTBT point man, National Security Council staffer Steve Andreason, has publicly stated that this treaty will not prevent countries from obtaining "simple" weapons—which can be all too useful for terrorism and blackmail.

While the CTBT will not have the benefits the administration claims, it will cost the United States dearly by making it impossible to maintain the U.S. nuclear deterrent over time. That will be the practical and ineluctable effect of denying those responsible for ensuring the safety, reliability, and effectiveness of this deterrent the tool that they have relied upon for the vast majority of the past 55 years: realistic, explosive testing. The exceedingly sophisticated nuclear weapons in the U.S. arsenal cannot prudently be kept "on the shelf" indefinitely. The current average age of these weapons is 14 years; they were only designed to be in service for 20. And none were planned or manufactured to remain viable in a no-test environment.

INDEED, EXPERIENCE SUGGESTS that problems with the nuclear deterrent probably exist already, going undetected ever since Congress voted to adopt a testing cutoff in 1992. On his last day in office, President Bush formally appealed for relief from this legislation, warning that "the requirement to maintain and improve the safety of our nuclear stockpile and to evaluate and maintain the reliability of the U.S. forces necessitates continued nuclear testing for those purposes, albeit at a modest level, for the foreseeable future." Although President Clinton tends to dissemble on this point, every administration until his recognized that periodic underground testing—at least at low levels of explosive "yield"—was necessary to detect and fix problems that unexpectedly, but chronically, appear even in relatively new weapons. Hence, no other president since World War II was prepared to accept the sort of permanent, zero-yield ban Clinton has embraced.

Moreover, the older the weapon, the more problematic it becomes to certify its safety and reliability through computer simulations alone. As complex nuclear arms age, their exotic metals, chemicals, and highly radioactive materials undergo changes that are exceedingly difficult to predict and model via computer methods. At a minimum, if such weapons are to be retained for the foreseeable future, they must be updated. As then-Assistant Secretary of Energy for Defense Programs Victor Reis told Congress in October 1997, "Just about all the parts [of the current arsenal's weapons] are going to have to be remade."

There are serious challenges to such a wholesale refurbishing program that even new experimental devices such as those being developed under the administration's more than $45 billion Stockpile Stewardship Program will not be able to address with certainty, at least not for the next decade or so. First, the production lines for building the stockpile's existing bombs and warheads were dismantled long ago. Reconstituting them would require a lot of time and money. And, even if the original designs could be faithfully replicated, one could never be certain they would work according to their specifications without realistic, explosive testing to validate the product.

Second, it is impossible to replicate some of the ingredients in weapons designed two decades ago or earlier; key components have become technologically obsolete, and no one would recommend using them when smaller, lighter, cheaper, and more reliable materials and equipment are now readily available. In addition, federal safety and health guidelines now prohibit the use of some of the components utilized in the original designs.

Third, most of those who were involved in designing and proving these weapons have left the industrial and laboratory complex, taking with them irreplaceable corporate memory. With continuing nuclear testing, all these problems could presumably be overcome. Without such testing, the United States will be able neither to modernize its nuclear arsenal to meet future deterrent requirements nor to retain the high confidence it requires in the older weapons upon which it would then have to rely for the foreseeable future.

It is precisely for these reasons that the CTBT has been, to use Clinton's phrase, the "longest-sought, hardest-fought" goal of the anti-nuclear movement. Fortunately, more than 34 senators have figured out that, were it to be ratified, the CTBT would set the United States on the slippery slope to unilateral nuclear disarmament. Whenever the votes are finally tallied on this accord, will the "nays" include any of the Senate's self-described New Democrats—whose partisans brought Clinton and Al Gore to power on a platform that prominently featured a more tough-minded approach to national security and defense issues? ■

Cohabiting in Jerusalem.

Inseparable

By MOSHE SAFDIE

THE TRANQUIL LOCALE of terraced olive orchards in Bellagio, Italy, seemed a wise setting for a conference on the highly charged topic of Jerusalem's future. Approximately 25 people, mostly Palestinian and Israeli architects and planners, gathered in July for an event sponsored in part by the Rockefeller Foundation and organized by Michael Sorkin, a New York-based architect and educator. The

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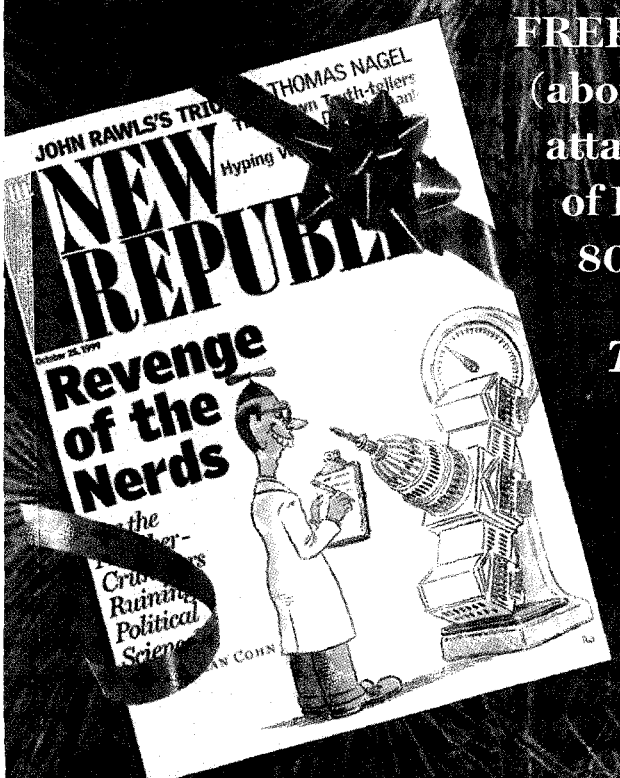

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premise was that professionally minded architects and planners might be able to come up with a workable blueprint, free of preconceptions and inhibitions, for the future of the city.

Our first step was to take stock of the conditions that have evolved since 1967, when two separate Jerusalems, one under Jordanian administration and the other under Israeli administration, were "united." Much has changed in the ensuing 32 years. The borders of the combined area have been redefined and expanded. The Arab population within these borders has increased from 68,600 to 200,100, while the Jewish Israeli population has increased from 197,700 to 433,600. In the greater metropolitan area, the increases in both the Palestinian and the Jewish populations have been much greater. Meanwhile, while before 1967 Arabs and Israelis were neatly settled in neighborhood clusters on either side of the Green Line, after 1967, in order to ensure that this line would never be reinstated as a border, the Israeli government pursued an intensive construction program under which some 92,300 Israelis have been spread out across the Green Line and intermingled into Palestinian neighborhoods and villages.

Regardless of their political affiliations, the conference participants acknowledged that the implementation of Israel's policy has made it all but impossible to configure any kind of separating line that could allow the city to evolve into two jurisdictions, Israeli and Palestinian, without each of these areas being in fact a mix of both populations. And neither side was prepared to support such a division. Instead, virtually all the participants readily bought into the concept that Jerusalem must be one city. They agreed that its heterogeneous populations must have access to the city as a whole and must share in its opportunities and services. Yet, after this initial point of agreement had been reached, the issues of sovereignty, security, provision of social and cultural services, citizenship, and open and free access were hotly debated.

FOR THE ISRAELIS at the conference, the concept of—and, indeed, the demand for—a united city rested on the status quo: Israelis today enjoy free access to any part of Jerusalem and want assurance that this will continue in the future. While many Israelis can accept that Arab neighborhoods might be self-administered in matters of municipal and cultural services or that residents of the city might be able to choose between Israeli and Palestinian citizenship, they do so under the condition that open access is not compromised. Several Israeli participants seemed comfortable going further, agreeing that Palestinian sovereignty might extend to some neighborhoods and perhaps to the Muslim holy sites.

The Palestinians' main concern was that whatever scheme is devised should be one in which they no longer feel that they are under the jurisdiction of an occupying administration. This was expressed in terms of opportunities: the right to build in order to accommodate natural growth; the right to social services and the right to administer them directly; the right to freedom of movement; and the capacity to interact, economically and otherwise, with the population in the Palestinian Authority.

Sorkin had asked us to prepare specific proposals. The presentations ranged from real plans currently under way to theoretical frameworks prepared for the occasion. I presented the master plan my firm had developed—and which was recently approved—for the expansion of Jerusalem westward toward pre-1967 Israeli territory. The plan reflects the unofficial Israeli position that, since growth cannot be accommodated in the east, north, or south (as these regions are affected by Israeli-Palestinian negotiations), the noncontroversial west is the only expansion valve remaining. By contrast, the regional plans presented by the Palestinian participants, Omar Yousef and Ali Ziadah Bader, focused on the eastern portion of the city, particularly on how to achieve territorial continuity between Palestinian communities in the north toward Ramallah and in the south toward Bethlehem.

Each plan resulted in a completely different set of highways and public transportation systems. Yet Jerusalem can hardly afford one mass transit system, let alone two, and it also cannot support two separate road systems. Clearly, a single, integrated highway plan and mass transit system must serve both populations while at the same time providing for the north-south (mostly Palestinian) and east-west (mostly Israeli) traffic corridors extending beyond the city. So, while it is easy to conceive of two independent school boards and other social welfare services, it is impossible to think of separate highways, mass transit, or sewer and water distribution systems. A one-city concept means that transportation and land-use planning must be unitary and respond to the needs of both communities.

AND THE ONE-CITY concept had an even further-reaching implication: namely, that one could not discuss it without considering its effect on the entire set of arrangements between Israel and the Palestinian Authority. Those who felt that a scheme could evolve to achieve an undivided Jerusalem while still creating a border separating the Palestinian Authority (or state) from Israel misunderstood the spatial, geographic, and demographic issues that Jerusalem presents and its impact on the region as a whole.

On the Israeli side, the prevailing wisdom has been that maximum separation of the Palestinian territories and Israel is a necessity—not just to control terrorism but also to allow the Palestinians to lead their own lives in their areas and to let the Israelis be in their own Jewish state. This policy has already led to the replacement by foreign workers of about half of the West Bank and Gaza Palestinians once employed by the hundreds of thousands in Israel.

The extent to which such concepts dominate Israeli policymaking, and also their absurdity, can be seen in one of Prime Minister Ehud Barak's first announcements upon his election: his decision to resurrect a plan to construct an elevated highway, an aqueduct of cars, bridging the 50 kilometers from Gaza to the West Bank. This notion that Israeli and Palestinian separation can be solved in the third dimension is echoed elsewhere. It also occurs, for example, in the bypass roads that now connect West Bank settlements to the Israeli mainland—a separate road system is often tunneled through mountains at great expense to provide direct access to Israeli territory while avoiding neighboring Palestinian towns. In this world of the absurd, the problems of Jeru-

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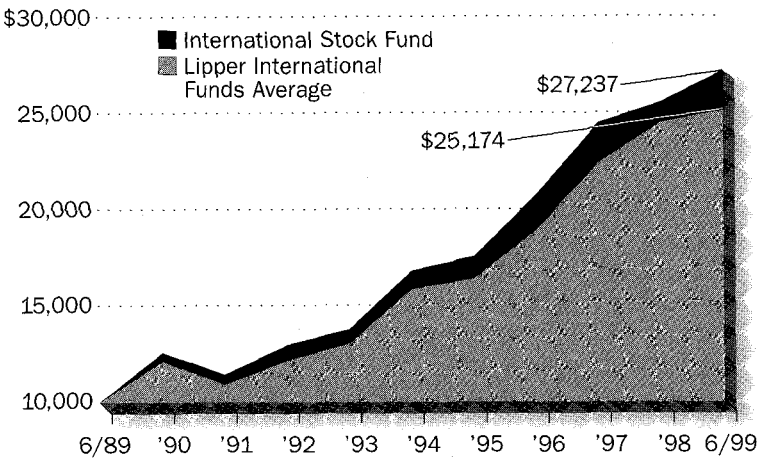

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salem and the West Bank can also be solved in the third dimension. A road would join Israeli settlements and the coastal plain, while a separate highway would either tunnel under Jerusalem or soar over it, connecting the Palestinian territories north and south of the city.

REGRETTABLY, THE CONCEPT of separating the two peoples has been generally accepted in Israel with little debate. These issues are so dominated by fear and security concerns that their economic implications are often overlooked. The hundreds of thousands of foreign workers employed in Israel send much of their earnings to their families back home—who spend the money in another economy. With unemployment high in the West Bank and Gaza, an arrangement under which Palestinians could return to work in Israel would result in much of these funds being spent in the Palestinian territories, with the obvious benefit to the Israeli economy.

But what makes the concept of separation particularly specious is the impossibility of its implementation, as well as its ineffectiveness in actually fighting terrorism. The physical configuration of the Palestinian and Israeli lands and urban and rural settlements makes it impossible to create a hermetic border. Even if one were to build a continuous electrified fence (on the model that now separates Lebanon from Israel) up and down the rolling hills of the West Bank and Gaza, this concept falls flat when it comes to Jerusalem, the Achilles' heel of the separatists.

The problem is clear. If Palestinians and Israelis mix in Jerusalem and if the thousands of Palestinians residing in Jerusalem require access to Palestinian communities outside the city limits and vice versa, then it follows that a united Jerusalem, a single territory accommodating Palestinians and Israelis, short-circuits the concept of separatism. Israeli separatists will claim that it would be possible to encircle the city with a series of checkpoints, thus separating it from the West Bank, as is loosely the case today. But it is inconceivable that Israelis would put up with checkpoints leading to other parts of Israel every time they entered and exited the city.

The Palestinian separatists, who want a piece of Jerusalem administered within their own sovereignty even at the price of a divided city, might in fact become supporters of the separate-entity concept. To them, the parts of the city that are Palestinian would be contiguous with the West Bank. The problem with this is, of course, that the areas these separatists claim as Palestinian include not only East Jerusalem and the downtown Palestinian area but also the Muslim quarters, the Temple Mount, and the Arab neighborhoods surrounding the Old City. No Israeli administration of any persuasion would accept full Palestinian authority over these parts of the city.

The future of Jerusalem—the most contested issue facing Palestinian and Israeli negotiators—cannot, then, be separated from the broader issues of economic and territorial arrangement. The implications for a deal concerning Jerusalem will determine the character of the whole of the Israeli-Palestinian relationship. And those who propose an undivided city will have to accept that it will mean open borders between Israel and the future Palestinian state. ■

Conservatives clash over advertising in schools.

Changing the Channel

By RUSS BAKER

THE FOLKS AT Channel One—the "televisions in the classroom" company—probably never imagined they'd be celebrating their tenth anniversary with a vicious battle against a most unlikely foe.

Back in 1989, Channel One, the brainchild of entrepreneur Chris Whittle, came on like gangbusters, offering advertisers new opportunities to reach teenage consumers and giving cash-strapped schools a cost-effective way to acquire audio-visual equipment. Channel One would lend schools TV sets, videotape players, and school-wide broadcasting apparatuses that could double as high-tech public-address systems. In return, the schools' students would watch Channel One's daily twelve-minute broadcast, which consisted of ten minutes of current-events programming and two minutes of advertising, often sold at network-level rates. As the then-president of Channel One would boast to a youth-marketing conference in 1994, "[T]he advertiser gets a group of kids who cannot go to the bathroom, who cannot change the station, who cannot listen to their mother yell in the background, who cannot be playing Nintendo, who cannot have their headsets on."

Not surprisingly, this concept was fairly controversial, particularly among liberals. When Channel One was founded in 1989, liberal programming activists and consumer rights crusaders immediately raised a stink. A coalition of 50 organizations—including the National Education Association, the American Federation of Teachers, and the American Academy of Pediatrics—formed to oppose Channel One. But Channel One weathered the storm, and most of its liberal opponents eventually moved on to other issues. Meanwhile, Whittle sold Channel One to Primedia in 1994. Today, it is watched by 40 percent of American teenagers.

But Channel One faces a new threat. This time, though, it comes not from the left but from the right. Groups such as the Family Research Council, founded by Gary Bauer, and Focus on the Family, headed up by the activist James Dobson, are campaigning to dramatically alter Channel One, if not to shut it down completely. So are Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association and Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum. In June, the 15.9-million-member Southern Baptist Convention passed a resolution condemning Channel One and urging parents "to seek effective

RUSS BAKER is a New York-based investigative journalist. Additional reporting by Rachel Tsutsumi.

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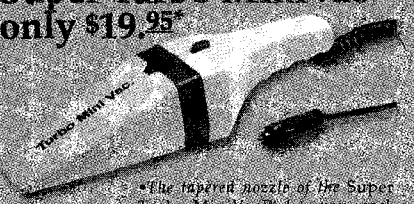

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Get "shirtpocket" AM/FM reception as you never had before. Catch the audio portion of your favorite TV show, wherever you are; watch the late TV show without disturbing your partner; listen to the commentator when you watch the ball game or any sporting event—and much more. Order it today! *MR-318T AM/FM/TV Stereo Personal Digital Radio™* **#1074F174d**

• The MR-318T works on two AA-batteries (included). It measures only 5 x 2.5 inches and weighs less than six ounces. Fidelity is astonishing, in both loudspeaker and earphone modes! The maker of the MR-318T receiver is one of the world's leaders in the production of advanced radio equipment.

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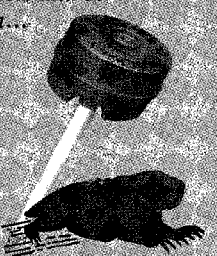

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ways to protect their children from the advertising assault of the network."

And the network is running scared. Unlike the situation ten years ago, when Channel One was able to more or less ignore the initial storm of protests against it, this time the company has had to launch an aggressive counteroffensive. Which raises the question: Has Channel One finally met its match?

THE CONSERVATIVE BACKLASH against Channel One began in December 1994, when Pat Ellis, an Alabama housewife and conservative Republican, discovered that her two sons were obliged to watch the daily twelve-minute Channel One broadcasts at their school. Ellis was alarmed that a large corporation could dictate curriculum without local input and that the curriculum included proselytizing to schoolchildren on behalf of junk food, violent movies, and other products. She also became upset when her sons came home talking about how it might make sense to legalize drugs—an opinion they got, apparently, from seeing a Channel One interview with Joycelyn Elders. Within a year, Ellis, with the help of local business leaders, clergy, and parents, had persuaded her school system to turn off Channel One.

In the spring of 1996, Ellis enlisted the aid of Jim Metrock, a prominent Alabama businessman who was one of the founding board members of the Business Council of Alabama and who had recently written an op-ed on "trash TV" for the *Birmingham News*. Although Metrock knew nothing about Channel One, his son informed him that he'd been watching the broadcasts in school for three years. Metrock was incensed by the mandated use of class time for watching commercials; he dedicated Obligation, Inc., his vest-pocket nonprofit group, to expelling Channel One from Alabama classrooms. Over the past two years, the group has done just that, persuading a number of Alabama's school systems to either dump Channel One or simply broadcast it before the day's first bell. Metrock estimates that 75,000 students in Alabama who used to watch Channel One no longer do so. Not content to restrict their efforts to Alabama, Metrock and Ellis successfully lobbied one of their senators, Republican Richard Shelby, to hold hearings on Channel One in May 1999, and the two courted support from national conservative groups.

Not surprisingly, Channel One didn't take this lying down. To counter the growing campaign against it, the company hired former Christian Coalition executive-turned-consultant Ralph Reed to shore up its conservative credentials. Not long after that, the pro-business Citizens Against Government Waste issued a press release in support of Channel One, and Grover Norquist, president of Americans for Tax Reform, wrote a sympathetic op-ed about the network for *The Washington Times*.

But it was in Alabama that the Channel One counteroffensive mobilized most visibly. Earlier this year, a seemingly spontaneous conservative grassroots movement emerged in support of the network. Judson Hill, a former official of Promise Keepers, the men's Christian movement, sent out a memo to a handful of fellow conservatives asserting that Planned Parenthood was lobbying against Channel One. (Planned Parenthood officials say the national organization has never taken a position on Channel One.) The Reverend Lou Sheldon of the California-based anti-homosexual and anti-abortion group Traditional Values Coalition (TVC), who had initially opposed Channel One, sent out a 15-minute video to Alabama pastors in support of it. (TVC was recently in the news when the *Orange County Register* reported that the California Fair Political Practices Commission had found that gambling interests secretly paid Sheldon's son to generate religious opposition to new, competing card clubs. Sheldon insists that TVC's positions on both issues are based on their respective merits and that TVC has "not received one single penny" from Channel One.) And Alabama talk radio, Christian, and country-and-western stations began carrying ads emphasizing Channel One's conservative credentials. "Channel One ... tells teens to turn their backs on drugs, reject violence, and abstain from sex before marriage," proclaimed one ad. "And it's working.... But some on the radical left want Congress to ban such programming. Call Senator Richard Shelby ... and tell him to stand up for Channel One's right to teach our kids to say no to drugs and no to sex before marriage."

JEFF BALLABON, A Channel One executive vice president, denied funding the Alabama pressure campaign. Rather, the sponsor of the radio ads appears to be Dax Swatek, the only person publicly identified with a previously unknown group called the Coalition to Protect Our Children. As a 28-year-old law student, though, Swatek wouldn't appear to have the resources to mount such an effort, and Metrock's camp says that a well-connected consulting firm, the McWhorter Group, was involved in developing the campaign against Channel One. The firm's head, Pat McWhorter, declined to say whether he had done any work on Channel One's behalf or whether he had any ties to Swatek.

But when my research assistant made a separate call to McWhorter's office and asked for Swatek, a receptionist offered to provide his cell-phone number or even patch the call through to him. Swatek did not return messages left on his voice mail or with a man who said he was Swatek's roommate. The impression that Metrock and other opponents have is that Channel One is directly behind the Alabama effort but works through middlemen.

Ballabon insists that it's Channel One's critics who are deceptive: "There's a lot of lying about us that goes on." He called the network's critics little more than a few "rabble-rousers," and claims that Channel One supporters feel harassed and threatened by Metrock.

Metrock, a genial man who chooses his words carefully, is undeterred by such remarks. For one thing, he's convinced that the more parents learn about Channel One, the more they'll want to get it out of their children's classrooms. Moreover, Metrock is encouraged that he and other conservatives have found common cause with some liberals, such as Ralph Nader, in their opposition to the network. According to Metrock, it's just a matter of time before he and his allies, old and new, bring the network down. ■

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When did political science forget about politics?

Irrational Exuberance

By JONATHAN COHN

DURING THE EARLY '80s, Harvard University's James Q. Wilson was a role model for the political science profession: a leading specialist in organizational behavior and public administration and a bona fide expert on urban affairs, crime policy, and government reform. The winner of his discipline's most prestigious awards, he wrote several books that today remain standards for the profession—from *The Politics of Regulation* to his widely used textbook, *American Government: Institutions and Policies*. But Wilson was more than just a scholar; he was a public intellectual whose influence extended well beyond the gates of Harvard Yard. He served on several government commissions dedicated to addressing crime and urban problems; his byline was as apt to appear on some policy-related article in *The New York Times* (or THE NEW REPUBLIC) as it was on a peer-reviewed paper in the *American Political Science Review* (APSR). Today, one has only to look at the introduction of community policing and zero-tolerance crime policy in New York City—reforms modeled in good part on an idea Wilson promoted in a 1982 cover story for *The Atlantic Monthly* called "Broken Windows"—to see his real-world legacy.

Of course, during the early '80s, Wilson was hardly unusual. At Harvard, he was emblematic of an elite group of scholars characterized by a broad interest in politics and motivated explicitly by their desire to change the world around them. Samuel Huntington, arguably his generation's most influential student of international relations, cofounded a foreign policy magazine and moonlighted as a government adviser. In the political philosophy wing, Judith Shklar would tell students that she decided to study political ideas because she wanted to understand the racist totalitarianism her family had witnessed firsthand in Eastern Europe—and to prevent its reoccurrence. Fellow theorist Harvey "C minus" Mansfield delighted in challenging liberal nostrums as much as he relished deflating smug undergraduates. Stanley Hoffman's grasp of language and history allowed him to span the nominally separate spheres of political theory, comparative government, and international relations; teach some of the most popular undergraduate courses; and still find time to write regularly for *The New York Review of Books*. And Richard Neustadt, whose classic book *Presidential Power* is said to have graced President Kennedy's night table at the White House, could speak from personal experience about what goes on in the senior levels of the federal government.

Today, this generation has nearly vanished from the scene. Shklar passed away in 1992. Wilson and Neustadt have retired (in Wilson's case, after leaving Harvard for the University of California at Los Angeles), with Hoffman, Huntington, and Mansfield likely to follow soon. Although a handful of younger faculty aspire to emulate these elder statesmen, the future of the Harvard Department of Government—and, quite possibly, the future of political science in general—lies in the hands of a different breed, which is epitomized by a man named Kenneth Shepsle.

Shepsle, too, is considered among his generation's leading scholars of American government; he is credited with advancing new theories about why Congress operates through a committee system, unlike the legislatures in other developed democracies. Yet if you look for Shepsle in the Lexis-Nexis database of newspapers and magazines, you will find not one quotation from him on a contemporary debate about congressional reform, let alone an op-ed or longer essay appearing under his byline. Shepsle, who majored in mathematics as an undergraduate and received his doctorate at the technically oriented University of Rochester, will proudly tell you that he is one of only a handful of political scientists elected to the National Academy of Sciences. But he has never served on a government commission, testified before one of the committees he's made a career of studying, or otherwise put his expertise to use in a public forum. Indeed, save for a brief stint advising the ABC News political unit more than a decade ago, his twelve-page curriculum vitae and his 30-odd-year career are devoid of any connection to current political issues. A visitor to his office, which is next to a computer lab in a hallway housing the Harvard-MIT Data Center, might look at the shelves of neatly stacked technical journals and the white marker board on the wall and assume that he was a scholar of physics rather than of politics.

IF THAT SEEMS at all strange, then you haven't been keeping up with developments in political science over the past two decades. Shepsle is a leading proponent of a controversial intellectual movement called "rational choice" that spans several disciplines but has recently been making its greatest inroads in the study of politics. Rational choice scholars seek to identify universal explanations for political behavior—for example, voting in elections or logrolling in legislatures—by treating it the way physicists treat atoms and subatomic particles. They make assumptions about political actors' motives, derive mathematical models representing a predictive theory of how those motives will cause people to behave, and then determine whether the predictions hold true by plugging in data—data, in this case, meaning numbers representing such intangibles as one's likelihood to vote, one's place in the ideological spectrum, or, well, you get the idea.

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The rational choicers believe their quest for universal and logically consistent theories makes them the only true practitioners of political *science*. As for all the other, more familiar approaches to studying politics—looking at case studies, digging into history and culture, poring over survey research—the rational choice theorists believe those constitute lesser forms of inquiry: "history," "literary criticism," or, worst of all, "journalism." Although most rational choice scholars tend to be cautious with their public pronouncements these days, their writings and their conduct within faculty departments suggest that they would like to relegate these other scholars to a greatly diminished role—if any—within the discipline. And, while rational choice theorists might not be the first group with such aspirations, they've been among the most successful at realizing them.

TODAY, THE ASCENDANCY of rational choice is evident in its domination of professional journals (one recent count put the percentage of rational choice articles in the *APSR* at about 40 percent), in the increasingly mathematical curriculum standards for graduate students, and in the respect rational choice scholars command in faculty hiring. When the University of Pennsylvania was planning an upgrade of its lagging political science department, for example, it concentrated its efforts on one rising star in rational choice—Stanford University's Keith Krehbiel, a scholar of Congress. Penn was prepared to pay Krehbiel an "astronomical" six-figure sum, according to professors familiar with the search, that would have put him among the highest-paid scholars ever to teach in the university's School of Arts and Sciences. (Krehbiel, who remained at Stanford, said his discussions with Penn were informal and would not discuss salary figures.)

If you ask Shepsle, Krehbiel, or their fellow rational choicers how they've gotten so far so fast, they will tell you it's simply because they are that good—and because they are the only ones in the field who carry out work that qualifies as science. "We're a handful of people," says Bruce Bueno de Mesquita, who also teaches at Stanford. "The reason it appears to be this dominant thrust is because the clarity of work attracts attention." But critics say it's the scholars' strong-arm mentality, not their strong scholarship, that has propelled rational choice this far. Even discounting for the usual academic backbiting, the terms these critics use for rational choicers are strong: "imperialists," "colonizers," "Leninists." Thinking back to the qualifications his generation brought to the university when they were junior professors, Harvard's Hoffman concludes: "I don't think any one of us would get tenure under the current conditions."

He may be right: The next generation of political scientists looks increasingly like Shepsle and less like Wilson. Whether this is good for the discipline depends in part on whether rational choice scholarship really succeeds on its own terms—whether it really helps us understand the elements of political behavior it purports to explain. But beneath that question lurks a second issue more important to those of us outside the academy: whether political scientists have an obligation to do work that is not merely interesting as an intellectual enterprise but also helps us govern ourselves.

IN PERSON, SHEPSLE presents an affable, unassuming face that hardly seems commensurate with his reputation as the Genghis Khan of the Harvard government department. But, if it's hard to imagine Shepsle as an intellectual marauder, it's easier to comprehend why so many political scientists hyperbolically call rational choice a "cult." Cults are notable for the almost hypnotic reverence that subsumes their members when they talk about their leaders and the histories of their movements. And it would be only a slight stretch to compare this reverence with the way rational choicers talk about their movement's founder, the late William Riker, and the intellectual compound he built at the University of Rochester. "Rochester is the mother ship," Shepsle says. "Its founder ... was William Riker. 'Commander Riker,' as we like to refer to him. And 'Starship Rochester.'"

During the 1940s, Riker was just another Ph.D. candidate at Harvard exploring American politics the old-fashioned way. His dissertation was an unremarkable treatment of an unremarkable topic—a study of labor-union political activity based on historical case studies—and he continued on that intellectual path at Lawrence College in Wisconsin, where he landed his first job. But a revolution was afoot elsewhere. During the 1950s, a group of economists and political scientists from the new RAND Corporation were experimenting with using mathematics to explain social phenomena—in one early case, for example, a scholar developed a formula called a "power index" that measured the influence of legislators. In many cases, the scholars' models yielded sobering predictions about democratic government. The most famous of these was Kenneth Arrow's *Possibility Theorem*, which demonstrated that democratic systems don't always produce

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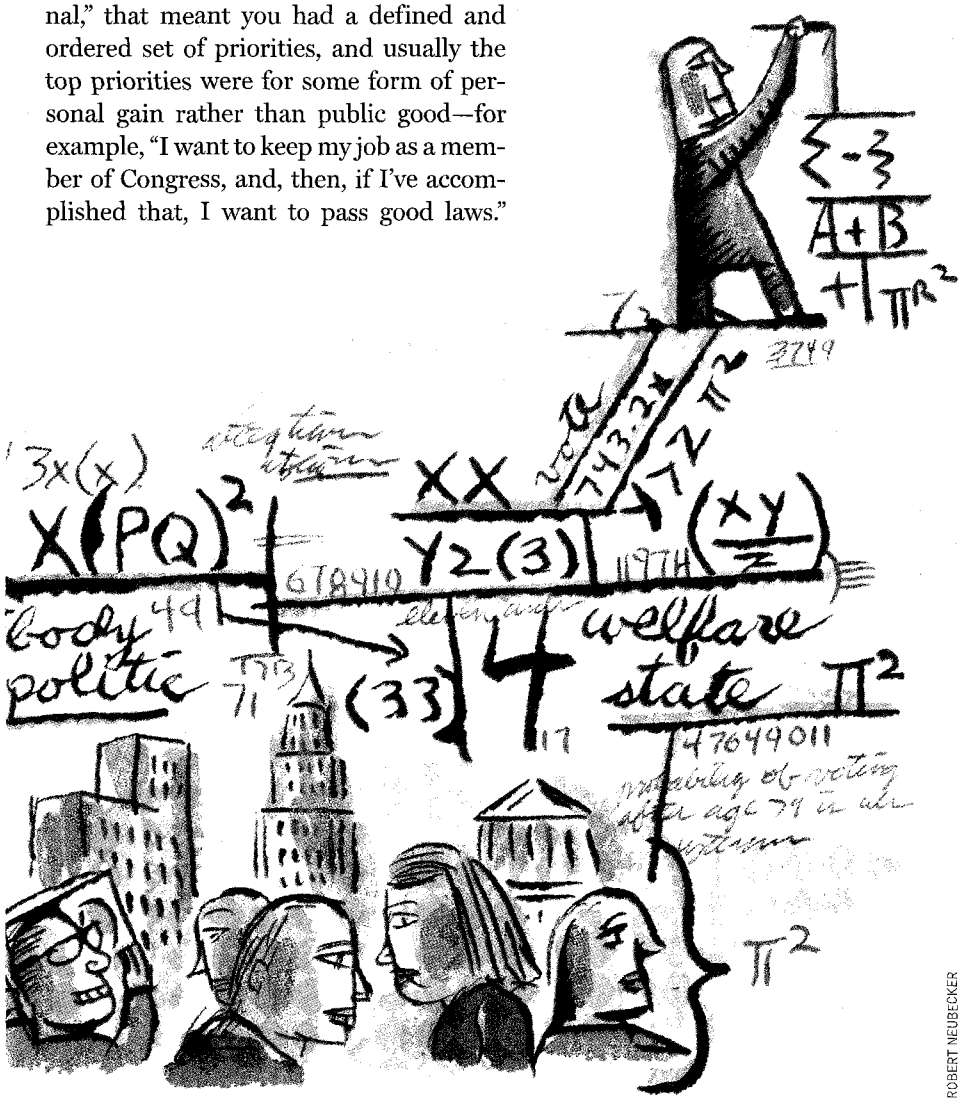
outcomes that conform to the wishes of the voters—since voters choosing from among more than two alternatives may be unable to consistently build a majority behind one. (Yes, it sounds like a blindingly obvious concept, particularly to anybody who followed, say, the 1994 health care debate. But in its day it was actually an important insight, as prior democratic theory held that democracies will reliably produce votes that match the interests of the majority of the public.)

Although Arrow's work would later win a Nobel Prize, few political scholars noticed it at the time. Riker did. Having become increasingly frustrated with the inherently subjective character of political science—based as it was on imprecise description in the form of reported observation and even less precise explanation in the form of prose—he began using the RAND material in his own courses and developing it further himself. In a proposal for a fellowship, Riker laid out his grand plan: "I visualize the growth in political science of a body of theory somewhat similar to ... the neoclassical theory of value in economics. It seems to be that a number of propositions from the mathematical theory of games can perhaps be woven into a theory of politics."

Of course, Riker was borrowing more than merely a method. He was also buying into a basic assumption about the nature of political behavior—namely, that political actors reliably act "rationally." If you were "rational," that meant you had a defined and ordered set of priorities, and usually the top priorities were for some form of personal gain rather than public good—for example, "I want to keep my job as a member of Congress, and, then, if I've accomplished that, I want to pass good laws." Second, rationality meant that you acted in a way that you believed (not necessarily correctly) would serve those priorities—say, "I will vote for this bill because it pleases my constituents and thus makes it more likely that I'll keep my job, even though I think it will make a bad law." By assuming rationality, Riker believed political scientists could predict and explain political behavior in the aggregate in much the same way that economists thought their assumption of rational maximization of utility could predict and explain behavior in the market.

Riker's work attracted the attention of administrators at the University of Rochester, which during the 1960s had the nation's third-largest endowment, largely thanks to grants from one science-oriented foundation (the Haloid-Xerox Corporation). Long known for its strong programs in math and the hard sciences, Rochester was eager to develop world-class social science departments, too, and turned its politics department over to Riker—who set about building a department that would train a generation of scholars to conduct the kind of inquiry he believed constituted the only true form of political science. Under Riker, courses stressed mathematics and logic. Rochester required all graduate students to learn a second modern language; Riker got the school to count statistics toward that requirement for political science students.



ROBERT NEUBECKER

Then Riker went about recruiting students and faculty who shared his beliefs. "It was an incredible place," recalls de Mesquita, who taught at Rochester for 13 years. "William Riker was incredible.... It was a place where you could walk down the hall into anybody's office and learn something. And it was a department full of camaraderie. Virtually every member of the faculty ate together every day, just because we enjoyed each other." (De Mesquita is the coauthor of a paper, titled "The Rochester School," that is the source for much of this history and shares the reverential tone toward its subject.)

An extraordinary teacher, Riker was no less adept when it came to promoting his program and his intellectual progeny. By 1970, the department—unrated by the American Council of Education (ACE) in 1965—had leaped to fourteenth place. Rochester was second only to Yale in job placement, landing nearly 60 percent of its graduates teaching posts at ACE-accredited departments. Still, the first wave of rational choice evangelists didn't initially shake the academic world. They mostly found their way into second-tier institutions, many of which were best known as engineering schools, such as Cal Tech and Carnegie-Mellon. "Harvard or Yale or Princeton wouldn't give us the time of day," recalls Shepsle,

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whose first job was at Washington University in St. Louis, a pre-med haven. "They weren't interested in us. We weren't interested in them. So we ended up on minor tributaries.... It was big news if one of us landed a job at a major Big Ten university."

But the Rochester School's young scholars never strayed too far from one another in spirit. Folks at the American Political Science Association (APSA) didn't have the time—or the skills—to figure out rational choice, so the rational choicers created an organization of their own: the Public Choice Society, which held its annual winter meetings in New Orleans or some other sunny locale. Almost without fail, members of the group attended, carrying on their intellectual repartee as if they were back in the Rochester lunchroom. "I don't think there was any grand imperialistic design," says Shepsle. "We were too young. We were all true believers, to be sure. But we didn't know the rest of the world was going to pay attention to what we were doing."

THOUGH ONE FINDS references to "political science" as far back as the late 1700s, within a century the discipline was moving away from its scientific pretensions. Woodrow Wilson, who was president of the APSA before he was president of the United States, exhorted his fellow scholars to eschew the term "political science" and simply study "politics." In the Progressive era, the APSA, like professional societies in economics and sociology, was explicitly reformist (although, as it happens, rather racist). Throughout the first half of this century, students of politics assumed that pragmatic ideas to guide government were not merely happy by-products of their work; they were, in many ways, the whole point.

The years following World War II, however, saw this mentality change. One reason for this was the increasing professionalization of academia generally. This professionalization had cultural roots, but it also reflected the fact that foundations and the government were underwriting ever-larger shares of university research budgets in an effort to allow scholars to pursue truth without feeling obliged to conduct research that might be popular with corporations or private individuals. The impact of this was particularly acute in political science, where previously the only way to make any serious money had been to write books for popular consumption. Now, thanks to funding from such organizations as the National Science Foundation, political scientists could afford to indulge in less popular paths of inquiry—particularly if they could do so in the name of pure scientific truth.

This was also the time when behaviorism, a new methodological approach to social science, appeared on the scene. Behaviorism sought to take advantage of newly available survey-research tools in order to provide a more detailed portrait of how political life actually transpired. Much as rational choice would decades later, behaviorism represented a radical break with the past. For the first time, political science became highly quantitative—issues of the *APSR* were filled with numbers, survey tables, and regression charts. The behaviorists eschewed advocacy and, more generally, any scholarship that sought to make value judgments. They focused on "is," not "ought"—arguing, not unreasonably, that excessive editorializing could undercut the intellectual integrity of the field.

Typical of academic fads, behaviorism eventually ran its course; after it yielded a few big insights into the nature of politics, further research necessarily focused on increasingly esoteric topics, simply because the tools of the behaviorists were useful in only a limited array of subjects. For example, behaviorism contributed genuine insights into the formation of voting habits—i.e., why people become Democrats instead of Republicans—but it couldn't tell you much about, say, why democratic governments in multiethnic societies break down into anarchy. Traditionalists, never comfortable with the statistical nature of behaviorism, managed to compartmentalize the field back into its own little corner of the profession.

But, even with the decline of behaviorism, there remained great interest in making the study of politics more closely resemble a hard science, and this was in no small part because the entire discipline of political science had developed a severe inferiority complex during the intervening years. While political science was spinning its wheels in the 1950s and 1960s, its scholarship caught in the cross fire between the traditionalists and the behaviorists (and, for a time, the Marxists, as well), economics was gaining ever more prestige for its increasing reliance on mathematics. Such prestige brought perks—particularly when it came to issues of department funding—and, increasingly, political scientists were jealous. Hitherto, political science had been more a clearinghouse united only by a subject; economists used to joke that while they had the "wealth of nations," political science had merely a "wealth of notions." Such criticism stung, and in the minds of many it merely confirmed the need for political science to find some methodological unity, too.

INTO THIS ENVIRONMENT entered Riker and his minions, who promoted a method of scholarship that explicitly embraced the scientific method of deductive reasoning and, as luck would have it, borrowed its mathematical techniques directly from economics. By the 1970s, the Rochester School seemed to have proven its mettle by developing a few key insights—much as behaviorism had done during its infancy. In addition to hammering out Arrow's Possibility Theorem for voting schemes, for example, Riker and his followers had given flesh to the so-called median voter theorem, which holds that, in an electoral system with two parties, the two platforms tend to merge until they nearly meet at the interests of the median voter. (One could, for example, look at the current ideological affinity of the Democrats and the Republicans and conclude that this theorem is right on the mark.) Rational choice scholars also developed intriguing theories about the paradox of collective action, also known as the "free-rider" problem: that is, the tendency of people to seek the benefits of membership in a political group without sharing the burdens.

In 1974, Riker became one of the first political scientists elected to the National Academy of Sciences. Membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences followed shortly thereafter. Such recognition was crucial not only because it

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impressed fellow political scientists but also because it gave the Rochester School broad credibility with other disciplines closer to the hard sciences. Appointments at top universities often required the recommendation and assent of experts from other fields; insofar as deans, provosts, and other administrators came from economics and the hard sciences, many of them recognized rational choice as something close to their own ideals of legitimate scientific research. It wasn't long before rational choice began to crack walls at elite institutions—the University of Michigan, Stanford, Princeton University, and Harvard.

NATURALLY, THERE WERE objections from the get-go. Many traditionalists didn't like the math. Political theorists had little patience for a theory that they believed reduced all human behavior to a set of interests and preferences independent of things such as values, culture, or history. And many more pragmatically oriented scholars questioned whether rational choice, by focusing so heavily on universal laws of politics, disregarded important aspects of the discipline that were inherently idiosyncratic. For example, the work on the paradox of collective action offered a nice explanation of why people join AARP or AAA—because those groups offer membership perks. But rational choice was at a loss to explain the popularity of more idealistic organizations—why, for example, middle-class white kids from states such as Vermont joined the Freedom Riders in the 1960s at great personal risk.

But these critiques never seemed to catch on. Rational choicers could dismiss those put off by the math as mere Luddites. After all, if the theories had merit, wasn't it the critics' problem if they couldn't be bothered to take courses in calculus and probability? As for the more philosophical objections, the rational choice theorists could always demand that their critics come up with an alternative methodology. There was none—at least, there was none that satisfied the criterion of being a universal theory of political behavior provable with rigorous mathematical logic. And so, having committed itself to the proposition that it was a hard science, the study of politics was stuck—for better or worse—with the methodology that seemed most closely to resemble that of hard science.

Indeed, during the years that followed, the small but determined minority of rational choice scholars managed to transform the face of the entire discipline—often over the objection of hapless traditionalists who lacked the cohesiveness or savvy to stand in the way. One of the advantages of rational choice scholarship was that it lent itself so easily to new research projects: in effect, all you had to do was come up with a complication that confounded some existing rational theory and then derive a new, more complex equation to answer it. As a result, Rochester School research exploded into the literature to the point where the *APSR*, with its pages of laboriously derived equations, began to resemble a calculus text. At one point *APSR*'s editor suggested, not unreasonably, "There is some danger of turning this journal into the 'William H. Riker Review.'" This prominence gave the movement even greater credibility within the profession; it also padded the resumes of scholars who were coming up for tenure.

Equally important, the Rochester School disciples managed to preserve a unified front as the years wore on. They cited each other's papers, even if they didn't all agree on the conclusions, and preached a common gospel that their method was not merely the best method of political science—it was the *only* method of political science. Within fragmented faculty departments, their ability to stick together and agree on criteria for success allowed them to alter curriculum requirements for graduate students and establish litmus tests for faculty hiring: Did the scholar have a formal model? Had he or she used the scientific method to deduce a theory? Increasingly, it seemed to the rest of the discipline, the basis for intellectual judgment was not the result of scholarship but the method by which the scholarship was conducted. "Because they are not as broad-minded, they had the advantage," says one senior scholar at Harvard. "They'd support any candidate who did rational choice, oppose any non-rational-choice scholars." Although to this day prominent rational choice scholars call such description caricature, most everyone else in the discipline says essentially the same thing.

THEN, IN 1994, an intellectual counteroffensive began to take shape. That was the year two political scientists from Yale, Donald Green and Ian Shapiro, published *Pathologies of Rational Choice Theory*. Green and Shapiro raised no objection to the math, and they didn't even quibble with the Rochester School's goal of trying to find scientific truth in politics. But, if the goal of rational choice is to be more scientific, Green and Shapiro argued, quite reasonably, then it should pass the basic test of all true scientific theories: it should work in practice. Since Green and Shapiro were fluent in the mathematics, they were equipped with the tools to test this proposition. And they discovered that, lo and behold, rational choicers made the same series of mistakes over and over again—all of them rooted in dubious assumptions and oversimplifications calculated to make political behavior conform to neat mathematical formulas.

In one vivid argument from their book, Green and Shapiro examined a great rational choice "insight": the paradox of collective action as it applies to voting. In a typically dismal diagnosis, rational choice theory holds that people should not vote in elections. The reason? Since the chances of one vote changing the outcome of an election are so slim, no rational individual would find it worthwhile to invest time in, first, deciding how to vote and, second, going down to the polling place. This is a lovely theory that can be proven, quite conclusively, with relatively simple calculus.

Unfortunately, it happens to be incorrect. Voter turnout may be distressingly low in America, but tens of millions of people actually do vote in presidential elections, not to mention in congressional and local elections, too. Riker and his disciples were aware of this small glitch, of course, and they tried to account for it in various ways. And that's where Green and Shapiro busted them: Each rational choice explanation for the paradox of voting ended up undercutting the whole philosophy of rational choice by nullifying its core assumptions about human behavior, reducing its explana-

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tory power to the most trivial of phenomena, or simply ignoring inconvenient facts. It was a classic case of the most basic of rational choice's internal contradictions—research being excessively driven by the need to validate the rational choice method rather than by the need to coherently explain real-world phenomena—and it had produced some unintentionally hilarious results.

For example, one of the earliest pieces of rational choice literature—coauthored by Riker and Peter Ordeshook—explained away the paradox by arguing that voters were indeed rational: they were voting because it gave them "psychic gratification." They then painstakingly derived an equation that took account of this; when the "psychic gratification" level was high enough, people actually voted, and the model worked. To this Green and Shapiro rightly responded: Tell us something we don't know. All Riker and Ordeshook had done was demonstrate that people vote when it makes them feel good or when they feel morally obligated to do so. A more significant question for scholars—indeed, the one traditionalists have been puzzling over for generations—is why people feel those obligations or incentives in the first place. Is it owing to inspiring candidates? Lofty causes? Concern for their country's future? Good civics classes in high school? At least, this is the question that matters if you're trying to figure out how to make democracy work better. Not surprisingly, it is a question that rational choice is ill-equipped to answer.

Other rational choice scholars had basically thrown up their hands and admitted that voting doesn't work particularly well in the rational choice framework, since it is a "low-cost," "low-benefit" affair. But, Green and Shapiro asked, since people in other countries have been known to vote despite the risk of death as a consequence, how can it be said to be "low-cost"? For that matter, if there is a standard equilibrium point (as there always is in formal political theory) for voter turnout, why does turnout vary so much from election to election and from country to country?

Green and Shapiro then proceeded to apply their critical framework to other major works of rational choice theory on American politics. Time and again they came to the same conclusion: If rational choice theorists had bothered to conduct even rudimentary empirical testing of their elegant theories, they would have discovered that the theories simply *don't describe the real world of politics.*

CONTROVERSY OVER THE book began as soon as it was in galleys. Members of the Rochester School strategized ways to counter the offensive, and they packed a symposium at the 1995 APSA convention in New York, at one point whooping it up with tomahawk air-chops (it was right around the time when the Atlanta Braves baseball team was making one of its play-off runs) as one of their own laid out a point-by-point critique of the Green-Shapiro tome.

But the remarkable thing about the response was how much intellectual ground it conceded. In a symposium that subsequently appeared in the journal *Critical Review*, some Rochester acolytes objected—with at least some validity—that Green and Shapiro had overlooked a recent wave of rational choice scholarship that was more empirically grounded. But several other rational choicers basically acknowledged that much of their work didn't accurately describe much of what it purported to theorize about. This simply wasn't much of a problem, they said. They noted that rational choice theory was still young—as it continued to develop, they suggested, it would become more sophisticated and thus would better approximate real-world politics. More important, these scholars said, the point of their method was to pursue scientific truth; scientific truth lay in universal theories; universal theories require simplifying assumptions that may distort reality, at least in the early stages of development; ergo, even if the relation of rational choice theory to the real world is imperfect, it's better than the alternatives. "A theory cannot be rejected because of disconfirming facts," wrote Northwestern University's Dennis Chong. "It can only be supplanted by a superior theory."

For all their acrimony, then, both the practitioners and the critics of rational choice theory seemed to agree on a crucial piece of information: the theories didn't really offer a complete picture of how politics work, at least not yet. Throw in the fact that most rational choicers chose to study only the phenomena that lent themselves to the rational choice brand of analysis in the first place—a restriction that left out many of the previously dominant issues of political science—and a reasonable observer could boil the debate down to a simple question: Could an elegant and intellectually stimulating theory be the basis for an entire discipline even though it didn't address many of the big questions in politics and gave flawed answers when it did?

WHETHER OR NOT Green and Shapiro's book was the catalyst, rational choice critics have begun to fight for political science's soul in the last few years. Shapiro himself recently became chairman of Yale's political science department, and he proudly declares that, in a current search for several senior faculty posts, the criterion for the search is subject area—not methodology. This spring, Stephen Walt, formerly of the University of Chicago and now of Harvard, published an article in the journal *International Security* called "Rigor or Rigor Mortis?" that essentially applied the Green-Shapiro treatment to rational choice scholarship in international relations, with similar results. Within departments, rational choice scholars have increasingly lost the backing of middle-of-the-road professors who once supported them in the interests of methodological pluralism. Two years ago, for example, Harvard's government department took up the tenure bids of two outside scholars in international relations—both of them rational choicers. It was the last year of Shepsle's term as department chairman, and many professors believed that Shepsle had stacked the three-member search committee in favor of the rational choice approach. Others worried that, with Huntington and Hoffman nearing retirement, the international relations wing of the department would be almost entirely devoid of traditionalists. While other factors were certainly involved, these two perceptions helped drive moderates who were otherwise sympathetic to rational choice into the camp of the hardened

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critics. The tenure bids were rejected.

STILL, WHILE THE tide may finally be turning against rational choice, it's hard not to survey the discipline and wonder what damage its proponents have wrought. Graduate students and young professors now assume that fluency in rational choice is a de facto requirement for tenure, and at most schools that may be correct. Although there are signs that rational choice literature is increasingly empirical, critics say the new scholarship is prone to the same pathologies as the old—the insights it produces are either flawed or trivial. "The ideal study in political science today would be the comparative study of health regulation of noodles in one hundred and fifty countries," says Hoffman. "In this way you have a sufficiently large mass of material to reach generalizations, and you don't ever have to have eaten a noodle—all you need is that data." The impact of rational choice is also manifest in undergraduate education, as elite institutions must increasingly hire outside instructors to teach the broad, politically relevant courses that tend to attract college students—the kinds of courses that, a generation ago, inspired many of these students to pursue graduate studies. "If you want to teach undergraduates, which is supposed to be what we do, and explain how the courts work, it's increasingly difficult to find people who do that, because these people don't study these things," says James Q. Wilson. "They don't read Supreme Court decisions or history. They just sit around and make models."

What's more, even as it retreats elsewhere, rational choice is opening new fronts. Already ubiquitous in American politics and highly influential within international relations, the most recent battleground of rational choice is comparative politics. Once, this subfield of political science was dominated by area specialists—people who developed expertise in particular countries or regions by studying language, culture, and history, often with extensive fieldwork. Because it implicitly treats different parts of the world as, well, different, area studies is at odds with rational choice's demand that political science pursue universal laws of politics. And so a group of rational choice crusaders led by Harvard's Robert Bates has undertaken to make over this field. In a 1996 newsletter article, Bates declared that "within the academy, the consensus has formed that area studies has failed to generate scientific knowledge." Although he didn't call for purging area studies scholars, he did call for their "mutual infusion" with rational choice—which many in the discipline interpreted as academese for establishing a hierarchy in which area studies specialists essentially operate as the research arm of the only real theorists, the rational choicers.

It would be a mistake to dismiss Bates's critique of area studies out of hand. Most sober-minded political scientists outside the field agree that area studies has become far too parochial, that it focuses on local idiosyncracies to the near-total exclusion of broader theoretical issues—ignoring, say, the ways in which the dynamics of politics in Northern Ireland have resembled the dynamics in a place such as South Africa. (Area studies, especially Latin American studies, was also the subfield most infested with Marxism, making it even more in need of a shake-up.) Yet the pendulum can swing too far in the other direction, too, particularly if you believe political science should be of some practical value to society. Putting aside the fact that so many rational choice theories remain empirically suspect, too much emphasis on rational choice would leave political scientists ill-equipped to provide insights about other parts of the world—which would, in turn, deprive policymakers of an important source of guidance. After all, it might be intellectually rewarding and mildly informative to know that there were some parallels between the Serb massacres in Kosovo and the Hutu massacres in Rwanda. But if you're trying to figure out what the United States should do in Kosovo, that information would be a lot less useful than knowledge about the history of Serb militancy, the peculiar dynamics of Balkan governments, and other pieces of practical advice that only someone with expertise in the region can give.

Ironically, although Bates has probably done more than any other rational choicer in recent years to inflame the rational choice controversy, he also epitomizes a middle-of-the-road ideal: a compromise for the discipline. Strictly speaking, he is not a member of the Rochester fraternity; he got his degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And he started out as an old-fashioned area specialist, earning his academic stripes through years of fieldwork in Africa. This fieldwork is what led him to rational choice—he found most of the prevailing theories about developing countries laughably out of touch with reality. So, while he has become a true believer in rational choice and thinks it should be required learning for all political scientists, in his own work he has always kept an eye toward reality and empirical testing. He still does extensive work in Africa, and his own motivations stem from his concern about inequality and about the economic health of developing nations—concerns that are apparent in his work. Even those who bitterly oppose his rational choice crusade acknowledge that Bates is one of the leading Africanists in political science.

YET JUST AS Bates would not be Bates if he couldn't draw upon the work of rational choice theorists, so he could not have accomplished what he has without the Africa specialists who came before him. And that's the rub. There is an opportunity cost to any new direction in political science. Graduate students have only so much time to get their degrees. Departments have only so many tenured posts. Universities have only so much money to finance research. Journals have only so many pages. The trouble with rational choice is not that it exists within the profession alongside other methodologies; the trouble with rational choice is that it is dominating the profession and displacing those other methodologies. If critics such as Green and Shapiro demonstrated anything, it's that the only way to understand politics is to embrace a variety of methodological approaches that can compensate for the complications of personality, culture, history, beliefs, and pure chance inherent when human beings vie for power. This may not satisfy the discipline's desire to emulate the hard sciences by discovering one grand, universal theory of politics—but, when you think about it, maybe that is just as well. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Fantasy Peddlers

NOTHING SHOWS UP more clearly the difference between documentary and fiction film than the Holocaust. It's very difficult to make a poor documentary on the subject: if the footage is minimally adequate and the director is not a cheap exploiter, the sheer verity is bound to affect us in some degree. But with a fiction film, every possible aspect of the re-creation is suspect. With the documentary, we feel an awful privilege in watching. With the fiction, we approach with a thundering "Why? Why has anyone dared?"

Very few of the fictions about the Holocaust answer that question soundly other than *Schindler's List*—and that was based on a true story. *Life Is Beautiful*, which has brought fame and fortune to its pirouetting director-star, most certainly fails the test; so does the latest attempt, **Jakob the Liar** (Columbia). The new film is based on a plot device comparable to Benigni's—a man under cruel German sway tries to cheer others with fantasy. It has comparable sentimentalities: instead of a little boy, here it's a little girl who is helped. But even if the comparisons had been less salient and if the music in *Jakob* had been less italicizing and mushy, we would still be left wondering why anyone had dared.

That question, of course, is falsely naïve. Some producer thought it would be shrewd to make this picture with Robin Williams, and Williams obviously agreed that it would be a good career move. (I have no right to doubt that he is genuinely concerned with the history involved, but neither can I believe that he took the role with no thought of personal advantage.) The trouble is that neither of these answers is good enough.

The director was Peter Kassovitz, who, with Didier Decoin, derived the screenplay from a book by Jurek Becker. The scene is the walled-off ghetto of a Polish town; the year is 1944—it's set late in the war, I suppose, so that American or Russian rescue could be hoped for. Jakob, a former pancake peddler, has conceived the idea of pretending to have a radio, which would have been strictly forbidden, so that he can spread cheering stories among his fellow Jews. The authors have sweated to enlarge this premise, but that's really all there is to the story. It ends inevitably with fierce German pressure on Jakob to surrender his radio; then his heroism, to keep from destroying the hope he fabricated for his friends; then his consequent fate in front of them. The best moment in the film, the finest, is their dulled reaction to that fate after years of oppression. But the rest, alas, is Holocaust-film cliché. For long stretches of this slim, distended story, its tedium is another sign of its spuriousness.

Williams almost succeeds in governing his usual electric kinesis, trying to give Jakob the tempo of a worn but striving man. Armin Müller-Stahl, playing that world-famous Jewish physician who often turns up in Holocaust fictions, has more natural gravity. Bob Balaban, as the ghetto barber, tries hard to find some truth in his part. The excellent Hungarian actor Ivan Darvas—remembered fondly from *Love* (1973)—is briefly visible as an ailing German general.

Altruistic fantasy is in the air. **Mumford** (Touchstone) has the same basic theme as *Jakob*. This picture was written and directed by Lawrence Kasdan, whose name makes me tremble with non-anticipation (recall *The Big Chill*, *Silverado*, *Grand Canyon*, *Wyatt Earp*); and his new film is down to his usual level—pedestrian and pretentious. I might have guessed that the first time I would hear William James quoted in a film would be in a Kasdan opus.

Mumford is the name of a young psychoanalyst practicing in a Midwest town of the same name, but he is not a native. He arrived only a few months before the story begins—in this small town that is already well-supplied with shrinks. It has a psychiatrist and a psychologist. Yet Mumford has so ingratiated himself with the town by reason of his warmth that he already has a considerable practice.

Kasdan has given him a usable assortment of patients, including a well-to-do divorcée who comes back to Mumford (the town) to live with her parents. She is hopeless about analysis, sees the doc with reluctance, and eventually—I spoil few viewers' surprise—falls in love with him. Another of his patients and pals is Skip, a young fellow skateboarding around town who owns the local big industry, a plant that produces modems. He confesses to Mumford (the doc) that he has 23 percent of the modem market and has already acquired "three big ones." When Mumford admires a fellow who can make three million so young, Skip gently corrects him: billion. Then he skateboards away. It's the one taking moment in the picture.

The local psychiatrist (male) and the psychologist (female) become suspicious of Doc Mumford's credentials; and he is eventually disclosed as a fake. He is unqualified and unlicensed. He has been fantasticating about the facts just because, like Jakob in more dire circumstances, he wants to help people. At the end the fake doc is brought to book, but there is promise of happiness thereafter.

What Kasdan has left unconsidered is what his story makes of the mental health professions. Apparently any humane and responsive person, who has picked up some of the lingo, can practice analysis successfully. (Kasdan is careful to omit any catastrophic result of Doc Mumford's practice.) And Kasdan has not considered the mind and the character of a man who would do such a thing. This Mumford is just your ordinary nice guy, not himself the mental case of one kind or another that he would have to be.

Nor has Kasdan been rigorous in his casting. Loren Dean, who is Mumford, and almost every other actor in the film seem like stand-ins, physically apt but otherwise nil. The exceptions are Ted Danson, who glitters for a moment as a local biggie, and Alfre Woodward, who, thank heaven, is a genuine actress.

Postscript. Anyone who wants to see a thriller in which, early in the story, the heroine is handcuffed to the door of a car that plunges off a ferry into the sea, and later shoots her way out of a coffin in a mausoleum will enjoy **Double Jeopardy** (Paramount). ■

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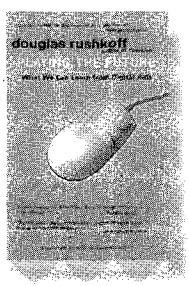

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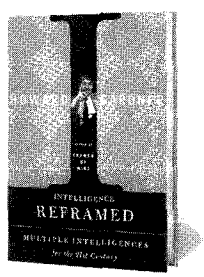

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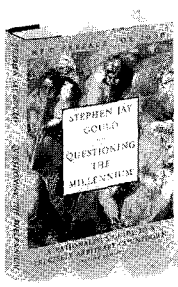

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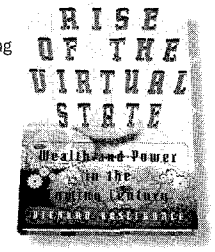

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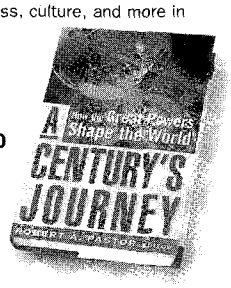

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Robert Brustein on Theater

Revisioning Tennessee Williams

THE REPUTATION OF Tennessee Williams, by common consent among the finest postwar American dramatists, has suffered significantly from one of his virtues, namely the singularity of his style. Once you have encountered a Tennessee Williams play, no matter how satisfying the experience, you may feel somewhat reluctant to see it again in a later production. His gentle, drawling, melancholy voice imprints itself on the mind so indelibly that the language begins to seem predictable. Indeed, even some Williams plays that you read or see for the first time sometimes give the impression of being overly familiar. In his later years, the playwright was often accused of repeating himself; but aside from his fondness for damaged women in extreme situations, his characters and his plots are relatively diverse. What usually strikes the ear as remembered music is the dialogue.

It is also difficult to forget the way this dialogue was initially spoken. Succeeding performances of Williams's plays usually had to proceed under the daunting shadow of "definitive" premiere productions. I am thinking particularly of the initial incarnation on stage (and later on film) of *A Streetcar Named Desire* in the version directed by Elia Kazan. Kazan, who almost did the same thing with Lee J. Cobb's Willy Loman, directed Marlon Brando in a performance so powerful and idiosyncratic that he made every subsequent Stanley Kowalski sound like an impostor.

The challenge of Williams revivals, then, is how to make them surprising to people already familiar with their content while delivering the material anew to younger audiences. I have come across two excellent solutions to this problem in a single week, one more extreme than the other, but each managing to make us watch and listen to the plays with fresh eyes and alert ears.

The first was Ivo van Hove's radical reworking of **A Streetcar Named Desire** at the New York Theatre Workshop. A few years ago, this Dutch director took O'Neill's seemingly unproducible *More Stately Mansions* and turned it into a near-masterpiece. This time around he has adapted a familiar masterpiece into a completely new play. Critics have not been very welcoming to van Hove's reinterpretation of *Streetcar*. I found it deeply absorbing for most of its three-hour length. Only the rape scene and (unsurprisingly) the playing of Stanley left me displeased.

Van Hove dispenses entirely with Williams's New Orleans tenement setting. In its place, he gives us a largely empty space with a single basic scenic element upstage—a long, coiled metal spring dangerously suspended between two massive oil drums. (These objects also function as some of the instruments creating Harry de Wit's eerily percussive music and sound.) The various rooms of the apartment are suggested not by walls, but by rectangles of light on the floor. And aside from a scattering of chairs, there is only one piece of furniture on stage: a large period bathtub that constitutes the major playing area of the production.

The nakedness of this design may seem perverse in a play that is driven by conflict over the disposal of property (driven home by Stanley's "Napoleonic Code" rants about Blanche's loss of "Belle Rêve"). But the stage has been stripped bare for the same reason that Blanche, Stella, and Stanley often strip themselves bare—not so much for erotic purposes, though there is plenty of sex on stage, but to underline the elemental nature of the play.

When Mary McCarthy first reviewed *Streetcar*, she characterized it as an epic battle between a man and a mother-in-law over who gets to use the bathroom. Van Hove's treatment of the play makes this flippant remark seem prescient. Blanche certainly spends a good deal of time in the tub, not only soaping and soaking her naked body also by but throwing herself headlong into the suds every time she has a panic attack. In the poker game scene, the drunken Stanley is also pitched into the tub by his buddies and held under water to sober him up. Indeed, the rape scene is symbolized by Stanley drunkenly removing his silk pajamas and hurling a nude Blanche into that now over-used tub.

Although the initial image is startling, all this attention to plumbing eventually begins to seem a little repetitive and excessive. Yet this is a minor miscalculation. Van Hove and his actors deliver such a lucid reading of the play that Williams's witty and plangent lines strike the ear with renewed power and beauty. Much of the credit for this achievement goes to Elizabeth Marvell as Blanche and Jenny Bacon as Stella, both of them delivering truly memorable performances.

As Eunice (Saidah Arrika Ekulona) presides over the stage as a mute witness, Blanche appears out of the shadows, carrying a handbag instead of a suitcase, her hoarse voice soaked in Jack Daniels. In Marvell's performance, she seems to emerge out of another generation of actors, notably the age of Tallulah Bankhead, just as Bacon's mercurial, appetitive, occasionally screechy Stella looks and sounds a lot like Estelle Parsons in *Bonnie and Clyde*. Stanley confronts her with beady eyes, guzzling a quantity of beer bottles, having opened them, one after the other, on a chair top. But he is excessive in everything. In the dinner scene, Blanche and Stella look on numbly as Stanley, with maddening deliberation, smashes a couple of dozen plates on the floor.

Bruce Mackenzie as Stanley executes van Hove's directions, including his systematic destruction of a guitar in the drunk scene, with such meticulous care that you almost forget that his acting is mostly undifferentiated yelling. Marvell, by contrast, delivers a performance of extraordinary variety and range. This is not the fragile gossamer butterfly of Jessica Tandy and Vivien Leigh; it is a wounded panther, a dangerous snarling fury. She and Jenny Bacon, whose sexual acrobatics with Stanley are prodigious, may remind you of older actresses, but they are clearly New Women. They could eat Mitch and Stanley with their breakfast cereal. And yet, following Blanche's downward spiral, Marvell goes past despair into the dead zone, speaking in slow spectral cadences that reminded me of the ghost who growled through the mouth of the medium in *Rashomon*. In the last scene, when she walks into a blinding white light, past Stanley and Stella fornicating on the floor, to join the doctor and the nurse (reduced to voice-overs in this production), she has arched into what is surely one of the most remarkable performances in recent memory.

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Cinema Verité

In the *cinema verité* of the sixties the beautiful
protagonists always came so close,
so close to the everlasting

sunset they were so desperately scripted
to ride into. And we, passive onlookers,
pressed forward in our collective seats

and rooted for them, individually
and collectively. In the end it went poorly
for those we cheered. As if in imitation

art led us down its artificial path,
every branch blossoming, the thyme walks
kicking up the herbal scent, the insects insane

for the goodwill so well distributed.
Good news has the metabolism of a humming bird,
its instrument not long attuned to this world.

Bad news won't extend the prognosis, but time
slows down at its intervention.
The news, because it's finite, is never good

for long. But when the sun rises over the hills,
the colored scents of August and the autumnal months
find current and pass on the air. We're okay.

It's the most we can expect, the temperature
of objects in various weathers, the satisfaction
of things fitting together, whether in the hand

or mind. We're happy to sit down properly attired
to a meal at day's end, knowing the days
are numbered but the evening is long.

Daniel Halpern

What van Hove and his mostly fine cast have accomplished is to make us hear every single line of the play with new interest, to follow every single acting intention with renewed attention. This is a revisionary *Streetcar*, all right, but like the best reinterpretations it is a production that paradoxically remains faithful to the spirit, by ignoring the letter, of the original work.

Camino Real, in a new production by Michael Wilson at the Hartford Stage Company, is also experiencing a worthy revival, though for all its fine production values it cannot redeem the play. I fear nothing can. *Camino Real* is Williams's most experimental work—a valiant effort after the commercial successes of *Streetcar* and *The Glass Menagerie* to advance into new and untried territory. "Make voyages! Attempt them!"—Lord Byron's exhortation to Casanova—might be an epigraph for the entire undertaking. The voyage the playwright was attempting was a dream play in the style of Strindberg. He had already refashioned an earlier, more realistic play of Strindberg's (*Miss Julie*) into *A Streetcar Named Desire*, but like Blanche Dubois, Williams was more interested in magic than in realism.

Set in a kind of Mexican purgatory where familiar literary and mythic figures are condemned to reenact their febrile fantasies, *Camino Real* was Williams's effort, to borrow another line from the play, "to carry the banner of Bohemia into the enemy camp." The camp was Broadway, the banner was sexual and theatrical experimentalism. But to mix up such diverse literary icons as Casanova, Marguerite Gautier, Baron de Charlus, Lord Byron, and Don Quixote with such pop culture characters as Kilroy and Gutman (modelled on Sidney Greenstreet's *Maltese Falcon* character) was to create an undigestible cultural stew. And since the play has no clear line of action or consistent style, but jerks along spasmodically on a series of poetic non sequiturs and borrowings (particularly from T.S. Eliot), it ends up being theatrical without ever becoming dramatic.

The initial failure of *Camino Real* made Williams pull in his horns and return to the more accessible forms that had made him fashionable. Still, the play later became a feast for directors, designers, and actors (though rarely for audiences or critics)—a happy hunting ground where many theater artists endeavored to capture and to tame the stampeding beasts.

At Hartford, the safari almost succeeds, partly through the quality of the acting, partly through the director's determination (on the premise that anything too silly to be said can always be sung) to turn the play into a musical. In this decision, Wilson is considerably abetted by Betty Buckley as a ghostly, hollow-eyed Marguerite Gautier, who frequently breaks out of her dialogue into emotionally wrenching song. Wilson also chooses to begin the play with a stirring production number ("On the Camino Real—hey, hey, hey") during which the various characters pile onto Jeff Cowie's colorful and expansive set while skating, dancing, or doing the hootch.

Instead of recoiling from the introduction of such unscheduled elements in a dramatic play, I found myself wishing for a lot more of John Gromada's engaging music. *Camino Real* might work very well as an opera or a musical. It still doesn't work as a play. In a world where so many characters bemoan their outcast state and the climax comes when a dry fountain squirts water and violets break through the rocks, the forbidden word is not *hermano* (as in the play) but "bathos."

Yet Wilson keeps the action flowing very fluidly, and his actors play their parts with considerable commitment. Rip Torn, though he looks a little lost at times beneath his rakish fedora and spade beard, has poignant moments as Casanova. Lisa Leguillou's Esmeralda captures that character's contradictory harlotry and innocence. Remo Airaldi is comically grotesque as A. Ratt and Abdullah. Helmar Augustus Cooper and Novella Nelson contribute depth of feeling to the characters of Gutman and the Gypsy. And John Feltch brings a touching dignity to his gallery of noble figures—the Baron de Charlus, Don Quixote, and Lord Byron (whose speech about the death of Shelley is the high point of the evening).

Camino Real is an abstraction, but truth is concrete. Instead of acting out their fates, the characters are subordinated to the author's musings about them. The Latino environment is usually

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glimpsed through the eyes of a tourist. The dialogue ("There is a passion for declivity in this world") often seems too fruity and declarative. But Wilson's production, along with van Hove's *Streetcar*, renewed my admiration for Williams and reinforced my respect for the vitality of the American stage. ■

The rigorous compassion of John Rawls.

Justice, Justice, Shalt Thou Pursue

By THOMAS NAGEL

I.

MAJOR WORKS OF philosophy are not easy to read. Try curling up with Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* or Aristotle's *Metaphysics* some evening. But political philosophy, with its combination of theoretical and worldly ambitions, often aims to be more accessible, and it has produced rhetorical masterpieces in the writings of Hobbes, Hume, and Rousseau. The writings of John Rawls, whom it is now safe to describe as the most important political philosopher of the twentieth century, are very different. They owe their influence to the fact that their depth and their insight repay the close attention that their uncompromising theoretical weight and erudition demand.

Rawls is the most unworldly of social and political philosophers. His life has been devoted to reflection, teaching, and writing about the problem of how human beings whose interests and values put them into potential conflict can inhabit with decency a common world. There is never a breath of personal information in his published work, except for generous expressions of thanks to students and colleagues for their intellectual contributions. But those who know him are aware of the personal significance of his dominant concerns, which have always been the injustices associated with race, class, religion, and war.

Rawls is an upper-class southerner by origin, whose heroes are Abraham Lincoln and Immanuel Kant, figures whom he has studied all his life. His own life has been much more like Kant's than Lincoln's, but Lincoln serves as his point of reference for the engagement between the hope of justice and the nearly overwhelming obstacles of the real world. Black slavery is Rawls's paradigm of injustice, and in his view it is a test for moral theories that they must explain its injustice in the right way—not merely by pointing out, for example, that its benefit to the slaveholders is outweighed by its cost to the slaves. Injustice is not mere inefficiency, not even extreme inefficiency.

Rawls's concern with social and economic inequality is not unusual in a contemporary political philosopher, though he is far more egalitarian than most. Yet his concern with religion, born of a vivid sense of the importance of religion in human life and of the historical crimes committed in its name, sets him apart. Though his work is entirely secular, he has, I think, a religious temperament. He understands both the power and the danger of the aspiration to transcendence, with its capacity to overwhelm worldly constraints.

Rawls was an infantryman in the Pacific during World War II, and his sense of the world is strongly marked by having seen in his time the deadly fanaticism of the Japanese army, the murderous romanticism of the Nazis (he startlingly describes Hitler's world view as "in some perverse sense, religious"), and the calculated massacre of civilians by the allies in Tokyo, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Dresden. The continuing capacity of human beings to be led to prodigies of cruelty and destruction for which they are prepared to offer justifications—from the Inquisition to the Holocaust—is always in the background of Rawls's thought about the conditions of liberal civilization. He is not a pessimist, but his hopes for peace and justice are not based on a blindness to the darkest possibilities of human nature. Thus he writes:

> The evils of the Inquisition and the Holocaust are not unrelated. Indeed, it seems clear that without Christian anti-semitism over many centuries—especially harsh in Russia and Eastern Europe—the Holocaust would not have happened. That Hitler's 'redemptive anti-semitism' strikes us as demonic madness—how could anyone believe such fantasies—doesn't change this fact.
>
> Yet we must not allow these great evils of the past and present to undermine our hope for the future of our society as belonging to a society of liberal and decent peoples around the world. Otherwise, the wrongful, evil, and demonic conduct of others destroys us too and seals their victory.

In 1995, Rawls suffered the first of several strokes, and he is now no longer able to work; but by a determined effort he managed by 1998 to complete the final, expanded version of his essay, "The Law of Peoples," which contains some of his strongest published expressions of feeling (such as the passage just quoted), and also to revise the accompanying essay on "public reason," his closing statement on the central concept of political liberalism. These are the final products of a remarkably pure and concentrated career, which can now be surveyed in the three books under review. His only other major work is *Political Liberalism*, which appeared in 1993. An edition of his lectures on Kant, Hume, Hegel, and Leibniz is now in preparation.

COLLECTED PAPERS
by John Rawls
edited by Samuel Freeman
(Harvard University Press,
672 pp., $39.95)

THE LAW OF PEOPLES, WITH "THE IDEA OF PUBLIC REASON REVISITED"
by John Rawls
(Harvard University Press,
256 pp., $22.50)

A THEORY OF JUSTICE, REVISED EDITION
by John Rawls
(Harvard University Press,
560 pp., $22)

II.

AS IS ALWAYS the case with philosophy, Rawls's direct influence is almost entirely intellectual. Even political philosophy, when it has an impact on the world, affects the world only indirectly, through the gradual penetration, usually over generations, of questions and arguments from abstruse theoretical writings into the consciousness and the habits of thought of educated persons, and from there into political and legal

THOMAS NAGEL is the author, most recently, of *The Last Word* (Oxford University Press).

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argument, and eventually into the structure of alternatives among which political and practical choices are actually made.

Rawls is read by economists, political scientists, and legal academics as well as by philosophers, and he is a staple of the undergraduate curriculum. But this is still the world of ideas and not the world of practice. In any case, he is self-consciously ahead of his time, engaged in what he calls "realistic utopianism," or the imagination of human possibilities which, when properly described, will give us something to aim at.

Rawls has influenced the world for which he writes as much through the opposition that his thought has aroused as through the converts that it has made. The positions that he has developed and defended, and the problems that he has posed, define a large area of controversy that was relatively barren before he occupied it. All those who now take it for granted that it is possible to engage in rational argument over issues of right and wrong, justice and injustice, are in Rawls's debt for having imbued those topics with a substantiality and a structure that they had lost in the first half of this century, through the combined influences of Marxism and logical positivism, both of which in different ways were skeptical about the reality of moral questions.

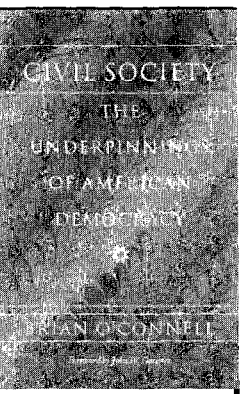
THE COURSE OF Rawls's career can be followed clearly in the *Collected Papers*, whose twenty-seven chapters span forty-eight years. It is striking how slowly and deliberately he began. Rawls was born in 1921, and his first article was published in 1951, his second in 1955, and his third in 1958. The latter publication, "Justice as Fairness," presents the basic idea of his contractualist theory; in the next decade there came six more essays that worked out the conception that would finally appear in 1971 as *A Theory of Justice*.

One of the most important elements of Rawls's outlook, his moral realism, is expressed in his first publication, a paper called "Outline of a Decision Procedure for Ethics." Moral realism is the conviction that moral questions at least sometimes have objectively correct answers, even if it is difficult to discover them. Rawls seems always to have been convinced that, whatever the difficulties of providing a semantic account of moral language or a metaphysical account of moral truth, morality was a real subject that we could think about and discuss without having to settle those intractable meta-ethical questions.

Rawls takes our moral convictions about particular cases to manifest deeper principles of which we may not be explicitly conscious, but which can be uncovered through investigation of a recognizably philosophical kind. Those principles must be tested against our considered convictions. Abstract principles, whatever their a priori plausibility, must not be permitted to sweep away concrete moral judgments too easily. He has always proceeded on the assumption that the reality of moral value does not depend on its reduction to anything else—to something more scientifically respectable, for example—and that we should not disregard the pretheoretical voice of conscience unless good reasons can be offered that are themselves firmly based in the deliverances of moral sensibility. This position is more fully expressed in "The Independence of Moral Theory," an essay of 1975.

Yet Rawls's main subject has been not moral epistemology, but social justice; and he has given the topic the form that it has in contemporary discussion. The fundamental problem is this. Each person's prospects and opportunities in life are strongly influenced by the position into which he is born through no choice of his own: by his place in a political, social, and economic structure defined by the basic institutions of his society. This introduces a tremendous amount of luck into human life, but it is luck determined by institutions that are to some extent under human control. Being born the child of slaves or

CIVIL SOCIETY
THE UNDERPINNINGS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY
By BRIAN O'CONNELL
Foreword by JOHN W. GARDNER



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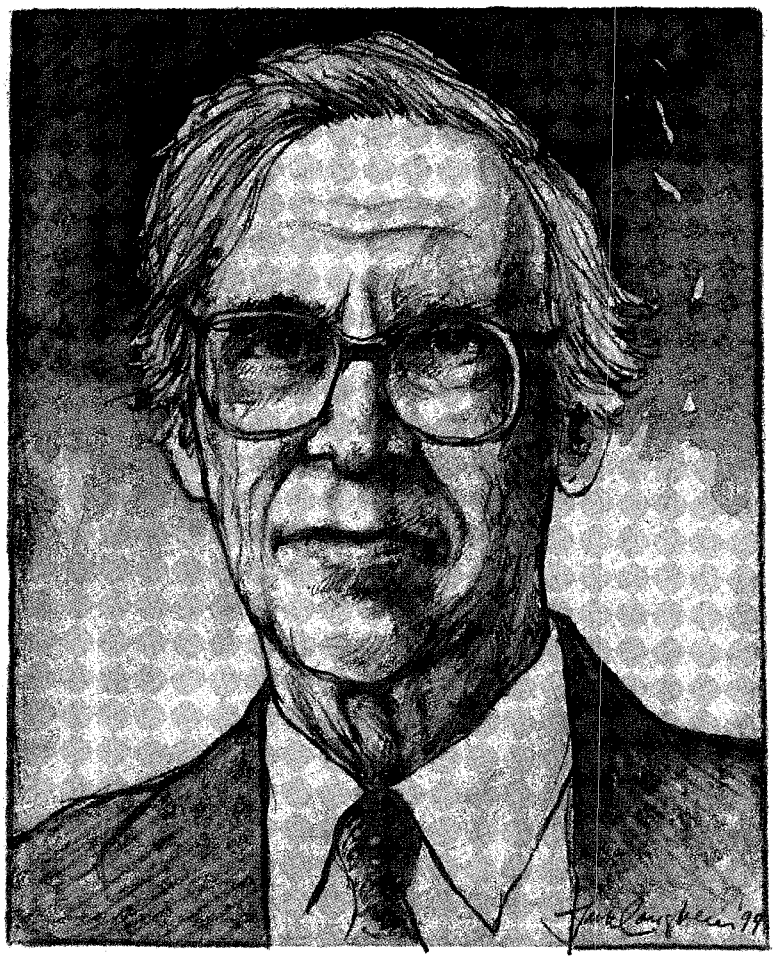
the child of slave-owners, the child of unskilled laborers or the child of wealthy entrepreneurs, is in a sense a matter of pure luck, but the institutions of slavery or capitalism are human creations. And so we can ask ourselves, as members of a society (and ultimately of a world order), whether the conditions for life-governing good and bad luck that our institutions create are morally acceptable.

Rawls believes that we must ask ourselves this question, and that we must try to achieve a society whose deep structural inequalities are morally justifiable, so that we may be able to look each other in the face. Some inequalities of social status, economic resources, and political power are inevitable in any functioning and articulated society; but they have to be justified. Rawls's view of what it takes to justify a deep social inequality is severe, though this is not immediately apparent from the initial statement of his position in "Justice as Fairness":

> First, each person participating in a practice, or affected by it, has an equal right to the most extensive liberty compatible with a like liberty for all; and second, inequalities are arbitrary unless it is reasonable to expect that they will work out for everyone's advantage, and provided the positions and offices to which they attach, or from which they may be gained, are open to all.



John Rawls by Jack Coughlin for The New Republic

Most of Rawls's work has been devoted to the elaboration and defense of these two principles of justice. As stated here, their meaning is indeterminate, for two main reasons. First, it is not clear what is to be included in "liberty." If it includes unrestricted economic liberty, the result would be extreme economic laissez-faire; but that is not what Rawls has in mind. The equal liberties that he thinks justice requires are personal and civil liberties, and basic political rights; they do not include unrestricted freedom of contract and disposition of property, or freedom from taxation for redistributive purposes.

Second, it is not clear what is meant by saying that inequalities must work out to everyone's advantage. The obvious question is, by comparison to what? Almost any social system, however unequal, will be to everyone's advantage compared to a Hobbesian state of nature with no social institutions or no government at all. Yet no social system, whatever its degree of equality or inequality, will be to everyone's advantage compared to every other possible social system. A strongly egalitarian system may be to the advantage of the have-nots compared to a less egalitarian system, but it will not be to the advantage of the haves and similarly, *mutatis mutandis*, for an inegalitarian system.

Rawls answers this question with what is probably his most disputed substantive doctrine: the Difference Principle. In place of the indeterminate requirement that socioeconomic inequalities should be to everyone's advantage, he proposes that they are acceptable only if they cannot be eliminated without making the worst-off class even worse off. "The basic structure is perfectly just," he writes, "when the prospects of the least fortunate are as great as they can be."

This solution first appeared in "Distributive Justice," an article of 1967, but it was prefigured by a remark in "Justice as Fairness." In describing the reasoning by which he believes that we would arrive at principles of justice, Rawls observes that "the restrictions which would so arise might be thought of as those a person would keep in mind if he were designing a practice in which his enemy were to assign him his place." This conception of the foundations of justice is highly distinctive, and it is of the first importance in understanding Rawls's outlook.

It is in stark opposition to another conception, superficially similar, that might also claim the title of fairness: namely, that the requirements of social justice are those that a person would keep in mind if he were designing a practice in which his place was going to be assigned to him at random, so that he had an equal chance, so to speak, of being anybody. This thought experiment, unlike the one that Rawls proposes, would not encourage such strong priority to avoiding the worst that could happen to you (the so-called maximin principle of choice), and might favor instead a principle of maximizing the average welfare, balancing disadvantages to some against greater advantages to others, wherever they fall in the distribution of fortune.

By giving strict priority to improving the situation of the least fortunate, Rawls opts for a radically egalitarian standard of social justice. This puts him, in politics, sharply to the left of center. At the same time, however, his insistence in the first principle on equal basic liberties that may not be infringed even for the purpose of promoting socioeconomic equality marks him clearly as belonging to the liberal tradition, in its social democratic form.

III.

THE IDEA THAT principles of justice should be the product of an imaginary prior agreement, by persons deprived of knowledge of their actual social position, is a prominent part of Rawls's theory. Indeed, it is regarded by him as its foundation, though in my view it is much shakier than the substan-

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tive moral conception that it is supposed to support. Rawls's hypothetical social contract construction, which he calls the Original Position, asks what self-interested people would agree to as the standard for evaluation of the basic structure of society, if they knew nothing about where they would end up in the social order. (The combination of self-interest and ignorance requires them to consider the interests of everyone.) Rawls concludes that they would give priority to protecting themselves against the worst possibilities, and that this would result in the choice of his two principles rather than a utilitarian standard that would maximize average expectations, perhaps at the cost of allowing a bigger spread from the least fortunate to the most fortunate.

There has been endless discussion of whether a person in the Original Position would be rational to choose as if his enemy were going to assign him his place in the resulting society. In my view, it does not really matter, because if Rawls is wrong, and the rational thing would be to choose as if one were going to be assigned one's place by a giant roulette wheel, that only shows that the Original Position fails to express accurately Rawls's moral conception.

The heart of that conception is the priority given to basic liberties, political and legal equality, decent material conditions of life, and bases of self-respect. Providing these things for everyone, including the least fortunate and the least competitive, takes strict priority in his theory over raising the general prosperity or the average welfare. Inequalities can be justified under such a system, but they cannot be justified because the advantages to the better-off outweigh the disadvantages to the worse-off: they have to be optimal for the worst off.

Rawls's defense of this view has generated a fundamental debate in moral theory about how conflicts among the interests of different people should be resolved. His position is a direct challenge to the utilitarian answer and its modern version, cost-benefit analysis, according to which we should add up the pluses and the minuses and try to choose policies that produce the maximum amount of total benefit, aggregated from the advantages and the disadvantages to all persons affected. This method, Rawls has famously said, does not take seriously the distinction between persons. Trade-offs across lives should be avoided, and replaced by a system of priorities for the most serious needs and interests, even if this means improving the condition of a less fortunate minority before that of a more fortunate majority.

Rawls believes that deep inequalities built into a social and economic structure that is sustained by the power of the state present the greatest potential for unfairness. While people retain some control over their lives through the choices that they make against the background of this structure, the influence of the structure itself dominates Rawls's moral conception. It offers people very different possibilities, depending on their sex, their race, their religion, the class of their parents, and their ability or inability to acquire skills that command desirable rewards. People are not responsible for these facts about themselves, and Rawls's ideal of justice would minimize the disadvantage to members of a society caused through the social structure by factors that are not their fault.

The most controversial implication of Rawls's outlook is that differences in ability, to the extent that they have genetic sources, do not in themselves justify differences in reward. We may need differential rewards for the talented and the productive, to provide incentives on which the system runs, but that is their only justification. They may be justified, that is, because the less gifted would be worse off under a more leveling type of regime, since productivity and efficiency would drop.

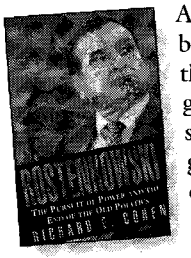
Rawls's conception of a just society is one of exceptional solidarity, in which the more fortunate are entitled to gain from the system only to the extent that this benefits the less fortunate. There is nothing intrinsically fair about the fact that people with scarce productive skills can command higher salaries than unskilled laborers who are a dime a dozen. His view is diametrically opposed to the common idea that people have a moral entitlement to what they can earn in a free market, and so redistributive taxation is taking away from them what is rightfully theirs.

IV.

When these views were set out at length in *A Theory of Justice*, the book was immediately given the full attention of an academic world hungry for serious, morally based political theory. Through students and younger colleagues Rawls had already had an influence in the direction of substantive moral thought, also provoked by the Vietnam War and domestic controversies over affirmative action, sexual freedom, and legalized abortion. His contribution was a large, intellectually rich theory—above all, a theory that had strong and highly contestable consequences. By showing that disagreements about how society should be ordered could be traced to differences in fundamental moral con-

Richard E. Cohen

Rostenkowski



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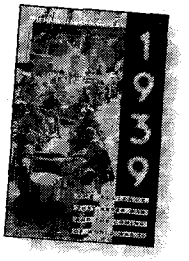

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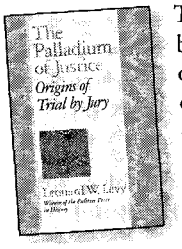

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ceptions, he illuminated not only the views of those who agreed with him but also those of his opponents.

Oddly, the revised version of *A Theory of Justice* was completed in 1975 for the German translation, but this is its first appearance in English. There are some changes to the discussion of the principle of equal liberty, to clarify what it covers and why it has the priority that it does, and many small changes to the writing throughout, but there is no significant change of doctrine. What struck me were a few places where Rawls pulled down some rhetorical red flags that had attracted strong adverse reaction. Several examples occur in the section called "The Tendency to Equality."

- The first edition says: "We see then that the difference principle represents, in effect, an agreement to regard the distribution of natural talents as a common asset and to share in the benefits of this distribution whatever it turns out to be." This becomes, in the revised edition: "The difference principle represents, in effect, an agreement to regard the distribution of natural talents as in some respects a common asset and to share in the greater social and economic benefits made possible by the complementarities of this distribution." There is less of a handle here for the charge that Rawls thinks we all own each other.
- The first edition says: "No one deserves his greater natural capacity nor merits a more favorable starting place in society. But it does not follow that one should eliminate these distinctions. There is another way to deal with them." Rawls was evidently stung by Robert Nozick's retort, 'And if there weren't "another way to deal with them"?' The revised edition has, in place of the last two sentences: "But, of course, this is no reason to ignore, much less to eliminate these distinctions."
- The first edition says: "Thus the more advantaged representative man cannot say that he deserves and therefore has a right to a scheme of cooperation in which he is permitted to acquire benefits in ways that do not contribute to the welfare of others." In the revised edition this is replaced by: "To be sure, the more advantaged have a right to their natural assets, as does everyone else; this right is covered by the first principle under the basic liberty protecting the integrity of the person. And so the more advantaged are entitled to whatever they can acquire in accordance with the rules of a fair system of social cooperation. Our problem is how this scheme, the basic structure of society, is to be designed."

These changes forestall misinterpretation; but I will miss the more incautious originals.

V.

A GREAT DEAL OF the critical response to Rawls's book focused not on equality but on the foundations of liberal toleration and freedom. This depends on an issue that is at the heart of liberal theory, for whose form Rawls is largely responsible—namely, the relation between political values and more comprehensive values. Rawls places great weight on the fact that pluralism with regard to ultimate values is inevitable—religious disagreement being historically the most important form—and that the attempt to impose a single comprehensive value system on a society inevitably results in oppression. He believes that justice requires fairness not only in the distribution of material and social advantages, but also toward different conceptions of the good. So the contractors in the Original Position are deprived of information about their full conception of the good life, and they must choose principles in light of the possibility that they might be anything from religious ascetics to atheistic libertines.

The result is a regime of toleration, with strong protections for the freedom of individuals and associations to pursue different ends in life. This is not, according to Rawls, a mere modus vivendi; it is a requirement of mutual respect. The sense of justice should lead us not to want to impose our own conception of the human good on others against their will, even if we have the political power to do it. We should want, instead, to base the justification of state coercion on a narrower set of purely political values, leaving the comprehensive values of religion and ultimate ends to voluntary communal and personal pursuit.

This liberal position, according to which certain principles of right are prior to the good, has provoked the so-called communitarian objection, associated with Alasdair MacIntyre and Michael Sandel, according to which only a shared conception of the human good can justify a social order, and the kind of mutual respect based on fairness that Rawls proposes is not adequate to keep in check more comprehensive values, should they conflict. Whether such critics, with their nostalgia for a mythical past of harmonious communities, would be prepared to accept the coercive imposition of religious orthodoxy by a dominant majority is not always clear. But they do not think that it makes sense to expect adherents of a religion to accept a restriction on the use of state power simply because they would have agreed to it if they did not know what their religious convictions were.

Much of Rawls's writing after *A Theory of Justice*, including *Political Liberalism*, has been about the special grounds needed for political justification against a background of value pluralism. The distinction between political values and comprehensive values is fundamental to Rawls's conception of pluralistic liberalism. It is not the distinction between values on which everyone agrees and others about which they disagree. Disagreements about justice are just as fierce and intractable as disagreements about religion. Rather, Rawls is making a distinction between disagreements that have to be fought out in determining the basic structure of society and the use of political power, and disagreements that can be left unsettled. The way to draw this boundary will itself be one of the most fundamental political disagreements of all.

The extent to which political power can be insulated from religion, for example, has been one of the most important questions of political theory since the seventeenth century, and it continues to be hard fought to this day, especially outside the liberal West. Rawls believes that following the terrible wars of religion in Europe, the liberal tradition developed a conception of toleration that may have begun as a merely practical matter, but eventually expanded into an ideal of public reason, by which the collective use of political power was to be justified in a way that respected pluralism in ultimate beliefs about the ends of life.

POLITICAL VALUES AND public reason, according to Rawls, form a subpart of the total domain of values. While that sub-part contains plenty of disagreement, it is a space in which we are obliged to argue with one another and to try to convince one another—a space of attempted mutual justification—that implies toleration and pluralism outside it.

Rawls thinks the respect for others as free and equal members of one's society—an idea of the right rather than an idea of the good—is a motive strong enough to hold more comprehensive values in check, and to limit them to the personal and voluntary associative sphere. This is not to be confused with the absurd notion that liberalism requires neutrality about values. On the contrary, Rawls's liberalism requires a strong commitment to the controversial claim that certain political values of freedom and equality take precedence over divergent conceptions of the human good, and that these conceptions should not be allowed to overthrow the political fundamentals. That is not value neutrality, it is a non-neutral claim about the correct hierarchy among values for the purpose of determining the basic structure of society. All this is discussed in a

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number of papers after *A Theory of Justice*, and set out with particular clarity in "The Idea of Public Reason Revisited."

VI.

IN *THE LAW OF PEOPLES*, Rawls takes an analogous approach to international relations—not, as one might expect, by applying his principles for justice among individuals to the world as a whole, but by seeking the analogue of freedom, equality, and mutual respect for entire societies in their relations to one another. This entails, in his interpretation, a degree of inter-societal toleration for differences in conceptions of justice, including some "decent" non-liberal conceptions.

The tolerance has limits, and it does not extend to outlaw societies that violate the most basic human rights of their subjects or engage in aggression against their neighbors; but apart from that, it implies respect for sovereignty, standard requirements of customary international law, and laws of war that include protection for civilians. While it requires some aid to peoples in especially unfavorable conditions, it does not include an international analogue of the Difference Principle, because that kind of economic justice, he believes, can be collectively chosen and pursued only through political institutions with much fuller authority over the social and economic life of individuals than can or should exist internationally.

Owing to the difference in its effect on interpersonal relations, Rawls is much less concerned about economic inequality between societies than within any given society. This has been a point of contention between him and some of his liberal critics, notably Charles Beitz and Thomas Pogge, who argue with some plausibility that individuals rather than peoples should be the morally relevant units when we think about global justice.

Rawls believes that hope for the future of humanity resides in the spread of liberal democratic societies, which have so far fulfilled Kant's remarkable prediction that they will not go to war with one another, and have left behind the worst forms of domestic oppression. But it will have to happen gradually. The forcible imposition of liberal democracy, or of any one form of liberalism, is not in his view appropriate as an international goal, any more than the imposition of one comprehensive conception of the good, however reasonable, is appropriate as a national goal. "Enlightenment about the limits of liberalism," he says, "recommends trying to conceive a reasonably just Law of Peoples that liberal and nonliberal peoples could together endorse." This is the global analogue of a public political conception of justice. He believes such an international order is the best hope for evolution of the world in the direction of liberalism. But I find this degree of inter-societal toleration more plausible as a modus vivendi than as a moral ideal—otherwise it goes too far in subordinating the value of justice among individuals to the value of equal respect among societies.

Rawls says that two ideas motivate the Law of Peoples. "The first is that the great evils of human history—unjust war, oppression, religious persecution, slavery, and the rest— result from political injustice, with its cruelties and callousness. The second is that once political injustice has been eliminated ... these great evils will eventually disappear." He calls such a world a "realistic utopia," and regards its description as important quite apart from its foreseeable realization. "I believe that the very possibility of such a social order can itself reconcile us to the social world. The possibility is not a mere logical possibility, but one that connects with the deep tendencies and inclinations of the social world. For so long as we believe for good reasons that a self-sustaining and reasonably just political and social order both at home and abroad is possible, we can reasonably hope that we or others will someday, somewhere, achieve it." Some may find these sentiments too noble to bear, but they give the spirit in which John Rawls's life work has been carried out. ■

A Whirlpool of Filth

By HARVEY KLEHR

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(Basic Books, 720 pp., $32.50)

THE END OF the Cold War may have forced John LeCarré to focus his novels on sleazy businessmen and Russian mafiosos, but it has done nothing to diminish Western fascination with the non-fictional exploits of Soviet spies. As more and more archival sources in the former Soviet Union disgorge their secrets, a steady stream of books has garnered headlines, ended long-standing debates about bitterly contested spy cases, and provoked fresh arguments about the McCarthy era.

The Mitrokhin archive is certainly filled with stories that seem stranger than fiction. There are "Romeo" agents sent out to seduce lonely women working in sensitive government bureaucracies; an illegal agent from Lithuania specializing in assassination who became a Costa Rican diplomat; and disinformation specialists forging documents to prove that American families were buying third-world children on the black market in order to harvest their body parts to save their own ill children.

From 1972 until his retirement from the KGB in 1984, Vasili Nikitch Mitrokhin painstakingly copied by hand documents under his supervision in the KGB archives. Each night he smuggled out his work in his shoes, on his body and, after he became more confident, in his briefcase. Hiding the material during the week in his flat, he took it on the weekend to his dacha, made typed copies, and buried them in milk urns.

After he retired from the KGB, Mitrokhin bided his time. In 1992, following the collapse of the Soviet Union, he approached American embassies in Latvia and Lithuania, but he was rebuffed. The British were more interested, and in 1992 they arranged to have his archive dug up, and spirited Mitrokhin and his family to Great Britain, and gave him citizenship. After extracting anything of operational value from his treasure trove, they put Mitrokhin in touch with Christopher Andrew, a prominent British historian and intelligence expert from Cambridge University.

HARVEY KLEHR is Professor of Politics at Emory University and co-author of *Venona: Decoding Soviet Espionage in America*.

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The volume that they have produced is both more and less than an account of what is in Mitrokhin's archive. No single book, not even a book as dense and detailed as this one, can hope to cover comprehensively tens of thousands of pages from the bowels of Soviet intelligence. Yet Andrew has managed skillfully to put Mitrokhin's documents, or at least a large chunk of them, into the broader context of the history of Soviet intelligence. And Andrew's goal is even broader: he wishes to demonstrate the central role played by intelligence, particularly by the Soviet Cheka and its successors, in the history of this century. He achieves his goal, but unwittingly he also demonstrates the limits of intelligence.

WHY DID MITROKHIN risk his life for so many years to create this secret archive of material from the KGB? His motive appears to have been a combination of opportunism and ideological revenge. Appointed to supervise the transfer of archival material of the Foreign Intelligence Directorate from the Lubyanka headquarters of the KGB in central Moscow to a new building in the suburbs at Yasenevo, he had access to top-secret and sensitive files that were off-limits to virtually everyone else, even high-ranking KGB administrators. And for years Mitrokhin had been a secret dissident. Already a veteran KGB officer in 1956, he had been disappointed by the failure of the de-Stalinization campaign, and pegged his hopes to a reform of the political system that never came. Angered by the repression of such cultural figures as Boris Pasternak, he finally lost his faith in communism after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. He was determined to ensure that the truth about the regime that he had served be finally known.

The first question, the most obvious question, is whether the material is genuine. Mitrokhin made copies; he did not smuggle out original documents. Sometimes he copied entire documents, but more often he wrote excerpts, and most commonly he seems to have simply made notes about what was in the documents. How accurately and thoroughly did he mine the KGB archives? His 25,000 pages of notes span nearly seventy years of the KGB's sordid history; and while there is no way to know what significant operational files he missed, the material in this book—and in a promised second volume—cover almost every imaginable topic and period in Soviet history.

For legal reasons, Andrew has deleted the real names of a number of KGB sources and agents, and even the mention of a handful of cases that are under active investigation; and Andrew is the only academic or journalist thus far given access to the material. There is no indication if or when it will be open to public inspection, so that other scholars may check Andrew's interpretations of Mitrokhin's evidence. Still, with these limitations in mind, Mitrokhin's information is consistent with other revelations that have emerged recently from Russian intelligence archives, decrypted Venona files, and Comintern files.

Several British spies whom Mitrokhin identified have acknowledged the accuracy of his information, such as the 87-year-old great-grandmother Melita Norwood, who for fifty years avoided detection by British counter-intelligence and provided atomic secrets from her position as a secretary; and John Symonds, a crooked cop who enlisted in the KGB after fleeing indictment for taking bribes, and specialized in seducing Western tourists at Black Sea resorts and embassy personnel in Europe and Africa. Robert Lipka, a former National Security Agency clerk who had spied for the Soviets in the 1960s, pled guilty to espionage in 1997 on the basis of Mitrokhin's information, complaining that he felt like "Rip Van Spy." Complete confirmation of all Mitrokhin's stories can only come from original KGB files, of course; but many of those files may no longer exist—there is evidence that many sensitive documents were shredded as the Soviet Union collapsed—or will never see the light of day because of their potential for embarrassment or worse.

THE FIRST PART of Andrew's book goes over ground that has been extensively cultivated by dozens of scholars and journalists. The tales of Kim Philby and Anthony Blunt, of Elizabeth Bentley's spy rings that infiltrated the Roosevelt administration, of the penetration of the Manhattan Project, and other byways in the history of Soviet espionage against the West have been told and retold as new archival material has become available. Mitrokhin's archive adds a number of fascinating details to these stories, and corrects a number of minor errors, and clarifies a few disputed points; but it does not change the broad contours of what has been known about Soviet espionage, particularly since the availability of the Venona documents. (The Venona documents were themselves part of the KGB archives, though they were intercepted and deciphered by Western intelligence agencies rather than read in their Russian versions.)

Even if it is familiar, the story still has not lost its power to shock and dismay. The awful truth is that hundreds of Americans and Britons betrayed their countries by handing over its most cherished political, intelligence, diplomatic, and scientific secrets to a foreign power with which they were intellectually besotted. Their treachery played a significant role in enabling the Soviet Union to develop nuclear weapons, and it deserves at least some of the responsibility for the triumph of communist regimes in Eastern Europe and China.

ANDREW CLAIMS TO have solved several hotly contested issues that have long been debated within the intelligence community and by conspiracy buffs. Thus he notes that Mitrokhin's archive contains no evidence of any other long-time mole within British intelligence, including former MI5 director Roger Hollis; and no evidence to support James Angleton's theory that Yuri Nosenko was a KGB plant; and no indication that the KGB played a role in the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II.

Some of the most interesting new material concerns several of the "great illegals," that small band of idealistic and cosmopolitan communists, operating without benefit of diplomatic immunity, who were responsible for many of the successes of Soviet intelligence in the 1930s; and this material suggests that it was only the folly and the paranoia of Stalin that saved the West from even greater damage to its security than did occur. One of the most successful of the illegals was Arnold Deutsch, an Austrian Jew who moved into Soviet intelligence after a stint working for the Comintern. Deutsch was a Ph.D. in chemistry who became an adept of Wilhelm Reich's "sex-pol" movement, which sought to marry Freudianism with Marxism and preached class revolution through sexual liberation. He recruited twenty agents after his posting to London in 1934, and they included Kim Philby, Donald MacLean, Guy Burgess, Anthony Blunt, and John Cairncross, the most productive group of agents that Soviet intelligence ever obtained.

Deutsch developed a new strategy for Soviet intelligence, looking for recruits not in high positions in government or among clerks with access to important documents, but among promising young university students. He argued presciently to Moscow that "given that the Communist movement in these universities is on a mass scale and that there is a constant turnover of students, it follows that individual Communists whom we pluck out of the Party will pass unnoticed, both by the Party itself and by the outside world. People forget about them. And if at some time they do remember that they were once Communists, this will be put down to a passing fancy of youth, especially as

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those concerned are scions of the bourgeoisie. It is up to us to give the individual [recruit] a new political personality." Deutsch's insight into the psychological quirks of his British recruits, including their rejection of conventional bourgeois sexual morality, produced the greatest intelligence coup of the century.

One of the hitherto obscure "illegals" whose remarkable exploits are detailed by Andrew is Joseph Grigulevich, a Lithuanian Jew, whose lengthy KGB career included stints at assassinating Trotskyists during the Spanish Civil War, organizing a failed effort to kill Trotsky, heading the KGB's illegal residency in Argentina during World War II under the codename ARTURO, and serving as a Costa Rican diplomat in Rome and at the United Nations in the late 1940s and early 1950s, under the name Teodoro Castro. In 1953, Grigulevich managed to get appointed as Costa Rica's non-resident envoy to Yugoslavia. His mission was to assassinate Tito; in a memo copied by Mitrokhin, he proposed a variety of methods, including spraying Tito with pneumonic plague. Stalin died before the plan could be carried out, and Grigulevich fled to Moscow for fear that he was about to be exposed. The puzzled Costa Rican diplomatic mission never learned what had happened to its envoy. In fact, he completed a doctoral dissertation in Moscow and became an authority on Latin America and an officer in Soviet friendship societies directed to Cuba and Venezuela.

GRIGULEVICH WAS ONE of the few of the illegals of the heroic age to survive into the 1950s. Deutsch died when the ship taking him to the United States to supervise a spy network was torpedoed by German submarines in 1940. Most of his fellow officers were recalled to Moscow and executed during the Great Terror as agents of Trotskyism, British imperialism, or Nazism. Not content with decimating the professional ranks of Soviet intelligence, Stalin also was skeptical and suspicious of the intelligence provided by their sources, imagining that the agents whom these traitors had recruited must themselves be tainted and plants. During World War II, Moscow Center concluded that its five chief British spies were double agents. Philby came under suspicion because the material he provided on British overseas espionage operations contained nothing about spying on the Soviet Union. Since Stalin was spying on his allies, he refused to believe that the British were not doing the same.

When provided with information contrary to his deeply held suspicions, Stalin ignored it, dismissing reports of the forthcoming German invasion as a British effort to embroil him in a war with Hitler, and denouncing Richard Sorge's warnings from Japan in scatological terms. Not surprisingly, Mitrokhin's archive indicates that intelligence reports usually omitted any analysis of such information or slanted the material to fit Stalin's preconceptions. The foreign intelligence chiefs were afraid to anger him.

NOR DID THE blindness end with Stalin. Soviet leaders and intelligence chiefs were so convinced that Ronald Reagan planned a nuclear first strike that all KGB officers spent inordinate amounts of time searching for nonexistent evidence of the plan, afraid to inform their superiors that it was a myth. Still, the consequences of Soviet paranoia must not be exaggerated. Just because the Soviets did not take full advantage of their spies does not mean they did not derive enormous benefit from the intelligence they provided.

Soviet intelligence directed against Nazi Germany was largely unsuccessful—the Red Orchestra, its major ring headed by another formidable illegal named Leopold Trepper, was largely neutralized by the Gestapo by 1942—but it did far better against its allies. The illegal Soviet residency in the United States sent 211 rolls of microfilm to the Center in 1943, 600 rolls in 1944, and 1,896 rolls in 1945, with information from every branch of the federal government and from virtually every secret American scientific laboratory of any significance. Moreover, some of its spies, such as Harry Dexter White, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Lauchlin Currie, a White House aide, Lawrence Duggan and Alger Hiss, high-ranking figures in the State Department, and Duncan Lee of the OSS, were themselves policymakers, or in a position to pass along very sensitive material.

After the war, at least in the United States and Great Britain, Soviet intelligence was forced to change its recruitment patterns. For years, its most reliable and effective agents had been communists who spied for love of the Soviet Union, not for money or because they were being blackmailed. As mountains of evidence now make clear, many of them had been recruited with the conscious assistance of the CPUSA and the CPGB. By 1950, however, that well had all but dried up. The beginning of the Cold War stoked public anti-communism and led to stepped-up surveillance of party members, to the defections of Igor Gouzenko and Elizabeth Bentley, and the testimony of Whittaker Chambers. All this disrupted existing spy networks, even as the post-1956 revelations about Soviet anti-Semitism and

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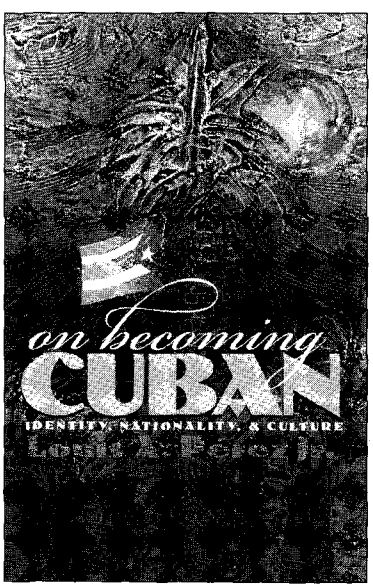

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Stalin's crimes crushed many communists' faith in the Soviet Union.

The KGB found itself forced to rely increasingly on "walk-in" sources who, more often than not, spied because of grudges against the United States government or some other psychological problem, or because they were desperate for money to pay debts or to finance elaborate styles of living. Thus the KGB found it increasingly difficult to provide high-level political intelligence. Few of its sources in the English-speaking world were significant, leading to a corresponding rise in wildly implausible plans to recruit new sources. In 1973, Yuri Andropov, the head of the KGB, encouraged his Washington officers to try to recruit disaffected Nixon loyalists, including William Safire and Pat Buchanan. Georgi Arbatov, a KGB agent who headed the Moscow Institute of the United States and Canada, attempted without success to recruit American policy-makers; one of his targets was Cyrus Vance.

According to Mitrokhin, the KGB did recruit a Democratic activist in California during a trip that he made to the Soviet Union in the 1970s. During the presidential campaign in 1976, this individual, whose name was not included in the files seen by Mitrokhin, provided information from within the Carter camp, including a detailed report on a three-hour meeting with Jimmy Carter, Jerry Brown, and Senator Alan Cranston, in a California hotel. Andropov sent the report to the Politburo.

WHILE POLITICAL intelligence was often poorly analyzed or difficult to obtain, the Soviets were able to do better with technical and scientific intelligence. KGB files credit technological espionage from Britain and the United States during World War II with major contributions to the development of Soviet "radar, radio technology, submarines, jet engines, aircraft and synthetic rubber, as well as nuclear weapons." Technical and scientific intelligence continued to prosper in the post-war years. By the mid 1970s, there were, according to Mitrokhin, seventy-seven agents and forty-two trusted contacts, working for leading defense contractors, in university or government laboratories (including MIKE, a senior physicist at MIT recruited in 1973) or the armed services in the United States alone, and dozens more in every other NATO country. According to one report that Mitrokhin cites, more than half of the projects of the Soviet defense industry in 1979 were based on information from the West.

All countries spy on their adversaries, and even on their friends. What distinguished Soviet intelligence from its counterparts in the West was that it managed, virtually to the end, to rely on the assistance of legal communist parties, which were themselves being financed by the Soviet Union. Mitrokhin's archive includes numerous examples from the 1970s and 1980s of high-ranking Western communists in Canada, Italy, France, Ireland, Portugal, and elsewhere who agreed to assist the KGB in its operations or its recruitments. Ostensibly independent, and treated by many scholars and journalists as legitimate participants in a democratic system, these communist parties remained a security threat, particularly in France and Italy.

The Soviets were not averse to intervening in those parties to protect their assets. After the advent of Eurocommunism in the 1970s, the KGB undertook campaigns to discredit and to smear Santiago Carillo in Spain and Enrico Berlinguer in Italy. George Marchais, the leader of the French CP, abandoned his flirtation with Eurocommunism soon after the KGB prepared a report indicating that, contrary to his public claims about resistance activities during World War II, he had willingly gone to work in Nazi Germany.

THE MOST ASTOUNDING revelations in *The Sword and the Shield* deal with the KGB's active measures and disinformation campaigns. Even Americans raised on tales of FBI and CIA perfidy—which pale in comparison—will be amazed by the brazenness, the scope, the stupidity, and the nastiness of Soviet intelligence. Some of the stories are reminders that the Soviet Union was indeed preparing for more than a cold war. The KGB prepared a number of arms caches in Europe and the United States for sabotage operations in case of war. A KGB sabotage group was established near the Mexican border in 1966 that targeted military bases, electrical grids, radar installations, and oil pipelines; using migrant workers as cover, they transferred agents and munitions across the border. Another unit, based in Canada, was supposed to target dams in the western United States.

Many of the KGB's arms caches are still buried around the world. Mitrokhin's notes include chillingly detailed locations and instructions about how to disarm their booby-traps. (One of them notes that if "there is no 'click,' it is forbidden to take the container out of the cache.") One such package identified by Mitrokhin's notes in Switzerland exploded in 1998 when it was uncovered.

Although the KGB largely abandoned "wet affairs," or assassinations, by the 1950s—not out of moral scruple, but out of fear of exposure—everything else seems to have been tried. The New York residency provided a subsidy to Mark Lane, the author of the first successful conspiracy book about the Kennedy assassination. (Andrew notes that Lane may not have known who provided the money.) It assisted the renegade CIA agent Philip Agee and helped with the founding of the supposedly independent Covert Action Information Bulletin, which exposed American intelligence efforts and agents. The KGB also provided material for Agee's publication.

The KGB attempted to smear J. Edgar Hoover as a homosexual who had turned the FBI into a "den of faggots," although the tall tales about Hoover as a cross-dresser were apparently produced by a convicted perjurer without assistance from the KGB. Many of the KGB's disinformation projects were aided and abetted by journalistic contacts. In 1977, seven of the thirteen most highly paid KGB agents in Italy were journalists, and KGB officers had little trouble getting credulous newspapers and magazines to print its concocted stories designed to denigrate the United States.

ENORMOUS ENERGIES WERE focused also on dissidents in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Andrei Sakharov was the target of thirty-two active operations in 1977 alone, ranging from slandering him to threatening his wife. The KGB was quick to infiltrate Alexander Solzhenitsyn's entourage when he was living in Switzerland, and Andrew suggests that this contributed to the writer's obsessive isolation from all outsiders once he moved to Vermont. The KGB also worked up plans to deal with defectors; one project, never successfully carried out, was to punish Rudolph Nureyev by breaking his legs. Meanwhile, KGB agents in the Russian Orthodox Church, including Patriarch Aleksi II, were persuading the World Council of Churches to condemn Western imperialism while remaining silent about the repression of believers in the Soviet Union. On one of his reports, Mitrokhin interposed his own view that the files reveal "a whirlpool of filth."

The full extent of KGB support for terrorism is still not clear—Andrew promises this information in the second volume—but under Yuri Andropov, the KGB sent arms to the IRA; and assassinated President Amin of Afghanistan, and replaced him with the KGB's man Babrak Karmal; and recruited Wadi Haddad of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine—code-named NATSIONALIST—in 1970. In a memo to Brezhnev that was copied by Mitrokhin, Andropov noted that this latter relationship with a major figure in international terrorism "enables us to

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control the external operations of the PFLP to a certain degree ... and also to carry out active measures in support of our interests through the organization's assets while observing the necessary conspiratorial secrecy."

As Andrew himself notes, many of the plans and the plots concocted by the KGB were not implemented, and many others failed. It is hard to gauge the level of success even for those operations that the KGB did carry out. Much of the political intelligence generated by Soviet spies was poorly deployed by Soviet political leaders. All its vaunted scientific espionage did not prevent the Soviet Union from falling woefully behind the West in technological prowess. And the enormous energy deployed against dissidents ultimately failed to preserve a rotten political system.

Aficionados of espionage will be rummaging through this enormously detailed book for years. Hundreds of the agents identified by Andrew only by code-name are still alive, but enough details are given about their activities or their positions that enterprising journalists will be able to uncover their real names. The British press, transfixed by espionage, has already bagged two university professors and a former advisor to Labor leader Neil Kinnock. These haunted and hunted figures from a bygone era still excite emotions. Some of these traitors may be quite old, but it is worth remembering that the age of Nazi war criminals has not deterred us from demanding their exposure. And while virtually none of the Westerners who served the KGB took a direct and active role in murders—the most notorious exception is Aldrich Ames, who bears direct responsibility for the deaths of dozens of CIA assets in the Soviet Union—they aided and abetted a repressive and dictatorial regime, cost their nations untold tens of millions of dollars, betrayed their friends, their colleagues, and their fellow citizens, and contributed to the misery and the persecution of dissidents throughout the Soviet bloc. Vasili Mitrokhin has guaranteed that what they did will not remain hidden forever in the archives. And he was right: it is a whirlpool of filth. ■

Third Person Singular

By LAWRENCE LIPKING

Jonathan Swift: A Portrait by Victoria Glendinning

(Henry Holt, 320 pp., $35)

SWIFT LIKED TO picture his own death. It was not the idea of dying that pleased him but the idea of spying on posterity. What would people say about him? His "Verses on the Death of Dr Swift, D.S.P.D." (Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin) begins with a maxim from La Rochefoucauld—"In the Adversity of our best Friends, we find something that doth not displease us"—and proceeds to demonstrate its truth. Some friends will drop a tear, but most will shrug "and cry,/I'm sorry; but we all must dye."

> My female Friends, whose tender Hearts
> Have better learn'd to act their Parts,
> Receive the News in *doleful Dumps*,
> "The Dean is dead (*and what is Trumps*?)"

Meanwhile the game goes on. In a year the Dean's writings will all be forgotten, and other sensations will be the talk of the town.

But Swift refuses to go quietly. The last part of the "Verses," which were written in 1731, gives an "impartial" character sketch of the Dean, one hundred and seventy-eight lines of tribute to his integrity, independence, and courage. "Fair LIBERTY was all his Cry;/For her he stood prepar'd to die;/... But Power was never in his Thought;/And Wealth he valu'd not a Groat." Embarrassed by so much self-glorification, critics have tried to find irony in this passage. I cannot spot any irony. When Swift takes a long hard look at his image, he warms to what he sees.

The wonderful Latin epitaph that Swift wrote for his tomb in St. Patrick's, "where savage indignation cannot further lacerate his heart," dares the visitor to live up to the example of a ferocious defender of freedom. Yeats, who rehearsed his own epitaph with a version of Swift's, preferred

LAWRENCE LIPKING is the author of *Samuel Johnson: The Life of an Author* (Harvard University Press).

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a proud aristocratic understatement—"he / Served human liberty"—but omitted "*strenuum pro virili*," "with all his might." Extremism still flashes out beyond the grave. "Swift has sailed into his rest," according to Yeats, but the spirit is restless. It wants to be famous; it wants to leave its mark.

WHEN SWIFT TALKS about himself, however, he usually employs the third person. The "Verses" identify him not only as Doctor but also as Dean, as if to cloak the body in formal robes, and the final assessment is put in the mouth of a London clubman who seems to know him mostly by "report." This distancing is characteristic. In an autobiographical fragment, Swift notes that his father married imprudently and suddenly died, "and his son (not then born) hath often been heard to say that he felt the consequences of that marriage not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greater part of his life." A longstanding resentment comes to the surface in the cold-blooded phrasing: the son is touched not by grief for his father, but by his own hard luck in having been born. Yet Swift does not tell us what he feels; we have to infer it from what he has said to others.

This writer's interior is closed to the public—and perhaps to himself. He loves to tease, to speak in codes, to dangle a revelation and pull it back, to smile and then lash out, to keep both friends and enemies off balance. Third person is as close as he will come. But referring to oneself habitually in the third person can be rather creepy. What kind of person does it? Ordinarily someone whose self is so limp that it needs to twine around the prop of a rooted position or name. During the presidential campaign of 1968, the duel of empty suits prevented anyone from saying "I"; one candidate assured the public that Richard Nixon stood for something, the other kept reminding himself he was Hubert Humphrey. This third-person mixture of self-alienation and self-aggrandizement continues to flourish in American politics. The result of this strange diction is that nobody seems to be home.

Swift's third person is different. His masks do not disguise his fury; they cork it until it threatens to explode. Again and again in his most famous works—*A Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *A Modest Proposal*—a speaker with a blandly reasonable air pursues a well-reasoned line of thought with increasing enthusiasm until we perceive that he, or reason itself, is crazy.

> In the Proportion that Credulity is a more peaceful Possession of the Mind, than Curiosity, so far preferable is that Wisdom, which converses about the Surface, to that pretended Philosophy which enters into the Depth of Things, and then comes gravely back with Informations and Discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing . . . . I do here think fit to inform the Reader, that in such Conclusions as these, Reason is certainly in the Right; and that in most Corporeal Beings, which have fallen under my Cognizance, the *Outside* hath been infinitely preferable to the *In*: Whereof I have been further convinced from some late Experiments. Last Week I saw a Woman *flay'd*, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her Person for the worse.

Such speakers are not Swift, of course. He never signed his name to any major work or acknowledged that he had written *A Tale of a Tub*; and Lemuel Gulliver wrote the *Travels*, according to the title page. Yet every reader hears the author's voice in the grand climaxes of savage indignation: "when I behold a Lump of Deformity, and Diseases both in Body and Mind, smitten with *Pride*, it immediately breaks all the Measures of my Patience"; or "*perhaps I could name a Country which would be glad to eat up our whole Nation.*" The rage is too much for one person to bear; it needs a persona to keep it contained with irony and humor. At the same time, however, a strong personality bulges the mask and tempts readers to look behind it. Not many writers interest us more in their secrets.

VICTORIA GLENDINNING IS after those secrets. In pursuit of Swift's fugitive inner life, she has composed a personal portrait with biographical trimmings. The historical and cultural forces that may have shaped the man in his time do not seem to interest her much, nor do his writings receive more than a perfunctory treatment. Instead Glendinning rakes through the bits of paper and gossip and squibs and soiled linen that whirl around the enigmatic figure of the Dean like leaves around a gravestone. Did Swift secretly marry "Stella" (Esther Johnson), the agreeable young woman who moved to Ireland in 1701, when she was twenty and he was thirty-three, and kept him company until her death in 1728? Did he bed "Vanessa" (Hester Vanhomrigh), the younger woman who followed him to Dublin in 1714 and whose passionate attachment to him he described in a half-revealing, half-concealing poem, *Cadenus and Vanessa* (Cadenus is an anagram for "decanus" or dean)? What is the meaning of the strange story reported a century later by Sir Walter Scott, which he heard from an unnamed friend of Mrs. Delany, the wife of Swift's friend Patrick Delany, who shortly after the supposed marriage to Stella supposedly was told by the Archbishop of Dublin that Swift "was the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question"? Is it possible that Swift had found out that Stella was the illegitimate child of his former patron, Sir William Temple? Or that he himself was the illegitimate son of Temple's father? Or that Stella's mother might have been Sir William Temple's sister? Or . . . that none of this ever happened?

Glendinning, to her credit, does not force the issue. "You do not have to believe the incest story. I had much rather you did not." Yet she does enjoy asking the questions. Her book is a mystery story for mystery fans, though in the postmodern manner no solutions are offered. The charm of the book lies in its amateur sleuthing: inquiring minds want to know. In the standard scholarly biography, *Swift: The Man, His Works, and the Age*, which appeared in three volumes between 1962 and 1983, Irvin Ehrenpreis deliberately refused to trade in anecdotes and speculations. Glendinning takes the opposite course. She engages the reader not only in the legends that cling like barnacles to Swift, but also in her own process of snooping and gleaning and guessing and being baffled. The book concludes with a pathetic vignette of the aged Dean rocking back and forth in his chair and repeating, "I am what I am. I am what I am." His eloquence has been reduced to an autistic echo. But a further pathos derives from the futility of trying to break the circle: no outsider will ever finally know who Swift was.

THE STORY ITSELF is not told especially well. Portraits focus on being rather than doing; they tend to be static. Despite Glendinning's shrewd surmises, readers who hope to learn if Swift had a sex life will come away disappointed. Nor does this portrait offer any clear narrative thread; anyone who wants to track the sequence of events will have to keep flipping to the chronology at the back. But curiosity is catching. Like one of the troop of women who hovered near Swift for most of his life, and whom he teased and terrorized and taught and exploited, Glendinning cannot help being fascinated even when she realizes that he will not let her see what most matters to him. Bluebeard keeps the innermost chamber sealed. That is how he holds the interest of so many thwarted lovers.

In the end the book concludes that Swift's ruling passion was pride. Few readers will quarrel with that (though some

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You deserve a factual look at...

A Demilitarized Palestinian State

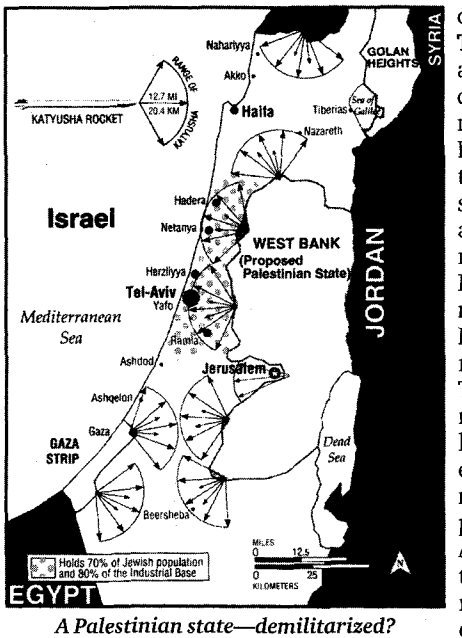
Should Israel, should the world, rely on it?

Even those most sanguine about the Oslo Accord, the understanding between Israel and the Palestinians, are agreed that the Palestinian entity to be formed will have to be demilitarized. A demilitarized Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza Strip, it is believed, would obviate any military threat to the state of Israel.

What are the facts?

Israel threatened by enemies. Israel is a very small country. Including the Golan and the "West Bank," it is only one-half the size of San Bernardino County in California. Israel has been in a "cold peace" with Egypt since 1978 and has also concluded a peace treaty with Jordan. Other Arab states are still in a declared or undeclared state of war with Israel. Iran, Moslem though not Arab, is the most determined and deadly of them all. It lurks in the background, its foremost military and political objective being the destruction of the state of Israel.

The Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), with which Isreal's Rabin government has signed a "peace agreement," is a terror organization that has only one purpose: to kill Jews and to destroy the state of Israel. While the latter objective is beyond its reach, it has been most successful in the former. It seems almost incomprehensible that a group as supposedly level-headed as a previous government of Israel would have entered into a "peace agreement" with such an organization. Unfortunately, though not surprisingly, events since the famous "handshake" confirm such skepticism. Despite statements to the contrary, the PLO has still not complied with Israel's main requirement, namely that it forswear the clauses in its "covenant" that call for the destruction of Israel. Arafat and his lieutenants continue to make blood-curdling speeches to the Arab public, beyond Western TV cameras, in which they re-assert their old goal of destroying Israel in "stages"—first by creating a Palestinian state to foment an allied all-out assault against the critically vulnerable Jewish state.



A Palestinian state—demilitarized?

The myth of demilitarization. The assumption that "Palestine" would be demilitarized is not tenable. The Arab nations would not allow it, even if the Palestinians themselves so desired. Also, the Palestinian entity would have thousands of trained soldiers, camouflaged as police. They could be helicoptered in minutes to positions on the border with Israel, with armored forces from Syria reaching them within the same night. But such mobilization of the "demilitarized" Palestine wouldn't be required. The weapons of preference of Arab terrorists are the Soviet-made Katyushas, highly effective missiles, truck-mounted and mobile, ideal for hit-and-run raids against Israel. Israel could not prevent them from flooding Palestine. A look at the map makes clear that these rockets, short-range though they may be, would dominate the heartland of Israel. Easily moved and hidden along Israel's new eastern borders—to be increased from less than 40 miles in length to over 200 miles—these Katyushah rockets would rain destruction over most of Israel. They would cover in their entirety Israel's narrow waist that holds 70% of the Jewish population of the country, 80% of its industrial base, its only international airport, and its most important military installations.

The Arabs living in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") danced on the roofs of their homes when Iraqi Scud missiles fell on Tel Aviv during the Gulf War. Since the signing of the "peace agreement" they have continued to engage in terror and murder against the Jews. Only incurable optimists can believe that an independent Palestine would become a peaceful neighbor of Israel. If Israel ceded the Gaza Strip—the invasion route since before biblical times—and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") to its sworn enemies it would make the country indefensible and Israel would have laid the groundwork for its own destruction. Tanks, warplanes, and missiles would only be needed for the final mopping-up process. In the meantime, mortars and Katyushas located on the Judean ridges—Israel's proposed new borders—would suffice to paralyze life and industrial and military activity in Israel. One can only hope that ultimately Isreal's leaders will clearly understand this danger and that they will not make concessions that will endanger the security of their country.

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may doubt that a principle as crude as a "ruling passion" can explain anyone's behavior). Since pride is the sin on which all other sins feed, as Gulliver knew, all human weakness can be traced to it. Even a lack of self-esteem may reflect the pride of a creature who wants to be something better than the "lump of deformity" or the preening yahoo that God made. Swift's outrage at his kind proclaims, perhaps, *his* pride. In Brobdingnag, the land of the giants, Gulliver falls into his usual Stockholm syndrome and starts to think big; but it is his author who swells with righteous indignation when he brings his countrymen before a higher court, the King of Brobdingnag: "I cannot but conclude the Bulk of your Natives to be the most pernicious Race of little odious Vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the Surface of the Earth." How satisfying to look down from such heights! Though little Gulliver tries to wriggle out, dismissing the King's notions of virtue and vice as the result of "a certain *Narrowness of Thinking*; from which we and the politer Countries of *Europe* are wholly exempted," Swift feels right at home inside the giant.

But Lilliput has a king, too. If a sense of magnanimity, a sense of being more honest and generous and far-seeing than other people, kindles Swift's pride, a manic attention to particulars gives life to his writing. Stylistically, he trains his microscope upon a puny world. The Dean was not a tall man; he was five feet five, and plump. Close to the ground and obsessively clean, he noticed that most people wallow in slop; and he loaded his work with human waste. "The Lady's Dressing Room" and other late poems still make some readers nauseous.

> But oh! it turn'd poor *Strephon*'s Bowels,
> When he beheld and smelt the Towels,
> Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd
> With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-Wax grim'd.
> No Object *Strephon*'s Eye escapes,
> Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps;
> Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot
> All varnish'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.

Not only does the poet harp on smelly details, he sniffs them out with the nose of a wine connoisseur. Glendinning claims that "his notoriety as a scatological and apparently misogynistic writer has overshadowed his literary reputation." Whether or not that is true, a defense can be mounted: excrement has always been a part of life, despite the magical disappearing acts of modern plumbing; and other great writers, such as Rabelais, showed Swift the way. The scatological poems aim to mock illusions, not women, and to replace fake goddesses with flesh and blood; prudishness, not frankness, leads to neuroses. Maybe. But the man who wrote those poems would not be welcome to paw through anyone's laundry. Swift is a fusspot. When women used bad grammar in his presence, he sometimes chastised them with pinches as well as words. And when he did it, he seems to have been proud.

He certainly had reason to be proud. Few writers have ever been so close to the reins of power. For one intense, amazingly active period from 1710 to 1714, Swift buzzed round the center of English politics and culture. He became the right-hand man and the confidant of the Tory government leaders, Robert Harley (later Earl of Oxford) and Henry St. John (later Viscount Bolingbroke), both of whom called him "Jonathan," buttered him up, gave him plenty of free dinners, involved him in affairs of state, and set him to work as their chief propagandist. At the same time he befriended Alexander Pope, the best poet in England, and formed a literary circle that would radiate ideas and projects for decades to come. He was also installed as Dean of St. Patrick's (a consolation prize for not landing a good preferment in England), while he juggled Stella, to whom he wrote letters later published as the *Journal to Stella*, and Vanessa, with whom he drank lots of coffee (perhaps a sign that something else was stirring). Then Camelot crashed. Oxford and Bolingbroke bickered and split apart, their ally Queen Anne died, and the new Whig dispensation drove Swift and his friends into exile. He retreated to Ireland, a country that he hated. Henceforth he would pride himself on opposing the powers of the Lilliput known as England.

The drama of those heady London years creates a biographical problem. Swift was far from precocious. When he first discovered his capacity for friendship and fame and power, he was already in his forties, and the rest of his life (from 1714 to 1745) might be viewed as a long anticlimax, gradually dwindling into mental decay. It is true that in 1714 his best-known works had yet to be written, and that he was to become a great Irish hero. But the sense of failure and exile stayed with him. Emanuel Lasker, who despite his ambitions as a philosopher and mathematician was always remembered as a former world chess champion, is said to have bitterly muttered, on his deathbed, "King of chess!" "Hero of Ireland!" might have been Swift's ironic last words. Returning from England for the last time, in 1727, he dreamed of burial on the bleak shore of Wales, where he would rather "go in freedom to my grave, / Than Rule yon Isle and be a Slave." In this respect, the epitaph in St. Patrick's records a defeat.

But there are other ways of telling the story. If we care about Swift as a writer, the flowering of his genius in *A Tale of a Tub* (most of it written by 1697) marks the first high point. He is not the gloomy Tory satirist here. He is deeply, almost giddily involved in seventeenth-century conflicts. The title refers to the custom of throwing a tub to a whale to divert it from wrecking a ship. The whale, in this case, was Hobbes's *Leviathan*, which "tosses and plays with all other Schemes of Religion and Government," and the ship was the Commonwealth. Civil wars had fractured the previous half century. Young Swift himself had fled Ireland in 1689 when the deposed James II invaded with Catholic armies. The Protestants won, and in future an Anglican dean could perch safely in Dublin. But the *Tale* is still thrashing about in a welter of historical debris and militant visions. Triumphantly the author perfects his third person: the mad modern scribbler who reduces the world to a text in which anything goes.

The sublimest happiness, according to him, consists of basking in delusions, "the Serene Peaceful State of being a Fool among Knaves." Glendinning quotes this opinion as if it were Swift's own. But in fact the rhetorical armor cannot be pierced. Some critics, taking their cue from Swift's later apology for his work, sift through the layers of irony to arrive at a fiercely orthodox core; others think that wild and free speculations go all the way down. In any case, nothing is sacred. If the scribbler seems proud of his madness, the author seems proud that no one can tell where he stands.

From this point of view, the brief later era of hope and power looks like an interruption. Swift is at his best when he is on the attack. Outraged by tyranny, hypocrisy, and folly, he pushes the logic of oppression to an extreme, until the survival of freedom seems to depend on rejecting the tyrant's halfpence. Harley and St. John knew that they had to have that acid pen on their side. But in the long run propaganda *for* something was not Swift's art. The positive values that he recommends are the tiny residue of decency and common sense left in the cup after the stinking vices have all poured out. Nor is the supply of injustice ever exhausted. For a few years sanity rose to the top, in Swift's view; and then things became normal again. The satirist will never lack a cause. But he is most in command when the villains are winning, when yahoos and cannibals come out to play, when nothing can hold back the flood except one just

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man. The wilderness is where prophets are driven. Perhaps Swift was destined for Ireland.

He remained, however, a seventeenth-century man. As a writer, he specializes in the mind-body problem. The dualism of Descartes, and of the influential school of Cambridge Platonists, infuriates him until he loses his head. Any philosophy or science based on the ability of human beings to reason their way to the truth through introspection, like so many spiders spinning webs from their guts, seems dangerous nonsense to Swift. Moderns become the brainless machines that they invent. Reversing Descartes, he constantly pictures a body empty of spirit, a body that twitches in imitation of thought when some chord or other is struck. External causes—fumes, sympathetic vibrations, the strings of a marionette—always explain what we foolishly think we think.

Swift reduces the mind to the matter it feeds on. One error unites almost all of the madmen that he spent his life writing about: they sacrifice their wits to an idol of pure thought, the free-floating intellect that wants to conceive a better world by disowning the body. The scribbler of *A Tale of a Tub*, the eggheads and the metaphysicians of *Gulliver's Travels*, the economist of *A Modest Proposal*, and the idealists of the scatological poems will not allow animal nature its due. And nature takes its revenge. Once its mortal cover has gone, the spirit dissolves, leaving nothing behind but a few scattered piles of manure. These are the landmarks of modern civilization, according to Swift.

But what is his own position? Often it seems that the adversary Swift warns us against is himself: a proud man who despises pride, a thinker who is infatuated with his own inventions. Many writers mine a similar vein of deep self-suspicion. Henry James explores a great moral theme—the evil of using other people as if they were things, not agents of their own destiny but pawns in a plot—that draws on his own precious lifelong quest to turn people and things into art; all his villains are versions of James. But Swift goes even further. He gets carried away and chops himself into third persons. There is something hateful about these smug observers; detached from both mind and body, they inspect humanity as an alien species.

Glendinning points out quite rightly that Swift is self-centered. In his writing, however, the center becomes nothing more than home base for a game of hide and seek. The truths upon which he insists are honest, forthright, straightforward—and not to be known. At his best and his worst, when he catches the spirit of madness, this writer seems to care most about drawing the reader into his game. Demented logic blots out the world and seizes the brain, until the escape from human feelings fills us with joy. We, too, are the crackpots we hate.

"Satire," Swift wrote, "is a sort of *Glass*, wherein Beholders do generally discover every body's Face but their Own." As Gulliver reaches the end of his travels, nothing disturbs him more than a mirror. "When I happened to behold the Reflection of my Form in a Lake or Fountain, I turned away my Face in Horror and Detestation of my self; and could better endure the Sight of a common *Yahoo*, than of my own Person." Eventually he forces himself to look, in order to "if possible habituate my self by Time to tolerate the Sight of a human Creature." Swift relentlessly flashes his mirrors in everyone's eyes, often adjusting the angle to magnify flaws or monstrously twist some features.

Yet reversing the glass is too painful; the human creature behind the writer remains unexposed. No painter ever caught Swift in a smile. He kept his likeness to himself. From portrait to portrait, the expression seems to change with the viewer's perspective. What all the portraits do capture, however, is a gaze both alert and restless: somebody watching *us*. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

continued from page 5

inherently public activity, into a private one" (September 13 & 20). He mentions two disadvantages to this: the loss of a civic ritual and the possibility that current voting methods tend to produce more public-minded voters than e-voting would.

I am skeptical that voters under a system of e-voting would be more self-interested than voters are now. But, as a resident of Oregon (which has adopted vote-by-mail elections), I do not doubt that something of the magic of Election Day is lost when physical polling places cease to exist. That loss, however, must be weighed against the possibility that e-voting might increase turnout. Such an increase might not only in itself bolster the democratic legitimacy of elections but would also help mitigate the underrepresentation of various groups in the current voting population. The actual voting population today is much wealthier, more educated, and older than the pool of eligible voters. Instituting e-voting might not help much to increase turnout among poorer and less educated voters, but it might help a lot among younger voters.

Valelly is certainly right to suggest moving elections to weekends and changing registration laws to make it easier for more people to vote. But, for political reasons, those reforms are unlikely to occur soon. In the meantime, experimenting with e-voting might show that democracy is resilient enough to survive changes in voting formats, as it did in our shift from public to secret-ballot voting.

Nathan Teske
Salem, Oregon

Clearing the air

To the editors:

To what level has The New Republic's journalism sunk when a writer can call something a lie without having a shred of evidence? In "To Tell the Truth," Ken Bode states that "Clinton told the whopper about how he 'didn't inhale'" (September 13 & 20). How do he and the other horse-laughers know it's a whopper? Did a witness come forward? Did the president recant?

If he is old enough to have been around in the 1960s and 1970s, when joints were passed around routinely at many parties, Bode should remember seeing people, particularly nonsmokers like myself, who did not wish to smoke marijuana and at the same time did not want to appear to be rebuking the other partygoers. The solution was to put the joint to one's lips, not inhale, and pass it on. And that's the truth.

Jack Herschlag
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Check it out

To the editors:

Reading Reuel Marc Gerecht's piece ("Just Asking," September 13 & 20) on federal investigatory practices reminded me of an incident 30 years ago when I was in a new class of foreign service officers at the Department of State. One morning, the security staff—heavyset men with brush cuts, scowls, and great dedication to their work—were boring us silly. The gent lecturing us on the importance of security said something resembling the following: "Five years ago we had $50,000 in our budget to find security risks, and we found five homosexuals. Last year we had $100,000, and we uncovered ten homosexuals. Do you know what that means?" "Why, yes," responded a classmate. "If you have enough money, you will find that we are all homosexuals."

Alas, the security personnel appeared to lack a sense of humor.

Clement Salvadori
Atascadero, California

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MOSCOW DIARIST

Copycats

I HAVE NOT BEEN IN MOSCOW FOR several years, so I may have missed an installment or two, but it seems to me that over the past decade Russia has undergone a kind of hopscotch development. One part of the country has fast-forwarded into the worst form of capitalism we know and dislike. The other part is stuck in the worst form of the old Soviet system we knew and disliked. These two vastly different economic systems exist in Russia side by side—sometimes separated by nothing more than a transparent door, a Lewis Carroll looking-glass of sorts.

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, PUSHKIN SQUARE, where a direct underground entry leads from the smelly, Stalinist-style Tverskaya subway station to Tverskiy Passage, an ersatz Western department store stocked with brand-name products like Clinique and Versace—their logos written in Cyrillic script—and featuring many smiles proffered and many more rubles expected. One of the first capitalist oases in town is a store called "New Russians," located at the Radisson-Slavyanskaya Hotel, that offers spoof *nouveau russe* products: mobile phones made of the painted black wood traditionally used for spoons and ornate bowls, credit cards rendered in blue-and-white porcelain, and *palekh*, the classic lacquered boxes of Russian lore, depicting bucolic scenes not of ladies and gentlemen in horse-drawn carriages but of young people on in-line skates and in sport utility vehicles. The most condensed metaphor I found for the blending of the two systems is a T-shirt bearing a classy portrait of the father of all Soviets, Vladimir Ilyich himself, under the golden arches of the mother of all hamburgers. The caption: "McLenin."

MEANWHILE, THE MILLENNIUM MAY still be a few months away, but on the open market by the Rechnoy Vakhzal subway station a copy of the "Windows Millennium" CD-ROM can be purchased for "five *baksov*," or five bucks. I opted against the software, reasoning that it was sure to be full of technical bugs. Instead, I turned to a babushka standing near the software-seller and spent my five *baksov* on a string of two dozen dried mushrooms. Indeed, whether it's classical music or the most recent episode of *Star Wars*, a computer game or a new idea being developed in Bill Gates's workshop, everything is available in pirated form in Russia and is sold on the street for peanuts—or, rather, for dried mushrooms.

THE LATEST COPIED PRODUCT ON SALE is the war in Chechnya. But, unlike the pirated CD-ROMS, the government's public relations campaign on the conflict in the northern Caucasus comes with full, perhaps even exaggerated, attribution—to NATO. The message Yeltsin's team is trying to convey is that what they're doing in Grozny is analogous to what the Western alliance did in Yugoslavia. Take the press briefing held a few days into the air strikes against Chechnya. The list of targets given was almost precisely parallel to those presented during the Kosovo strikes, including everything from the Chechen TV station and radar installations to Chechnya's air fleet. (One plane was destroyed, the other spared.)

THEN THERE ARE THE VIDEO CLIPS showing these targets first framed in crosshairs, then obliterated by the blast. The main difference between this presentation and the ones that were done in Brussels is that NATO's video clips were accompanied by running commentary from Jamie Shea (or occasionally that Luftwaffe officer with the heavy accent), while in Moscow the clips are narrated by a velvety female voice that sounds more like a receptionist for an escort agency than a briefer on a military operation.

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE IS THAT THE Russians' p.r. offensive is more graphic. For instance, at a closed meeting of the upper house of the Russian parliament—which was a de facto council of war—members were shown footage of alleged Chechen atrocities. An executioner chops off the head of a hostage and then hacks the body into pieces. Another alleged Chechen shoots through the hand of a prisoner. Parts of this were later shown on national television, which is how I know about it.

STILL, THE INTERVIEWS WITH WIDOWS of two Russian pilots killed in Dagestan immediately call to mind the "yellow ribbon" reports so popular with U.S. television. And the message is the same: "There is reason to bomb the Chechens: look at how they treat hostages, look at how our servicemen get killed."

FRESH FROM A VISIT TO DAGESTAN, Sergei Kovalyov, the most prominent human rights activist and a deputy to the Duma, told me he is skeptical of the antiterrorist rationale being used for the strikes. Far from antiterrorist strikes, he argues, they are anti-Chechen strikes: "Bombing a bakery cannot be explained by the fact that terrorists eat bread from it." His is a rare voice of concern for civilians in the Caucasus. But Kovalyov also has no illusions about the Chechen leadership. Recalling the constant kidnappings in the northern Caucasus, Kovalyov is quick to point out that he does not support independence for Chechnya, "whose main business is human lives."

THE GOVERNMENT IS ABLE TO PURSUE its harsh approach at least in part because of the "Caucasophobia" of many Russians. Alexei Malashenko of the Carnegie Moscow Center believes that Caucasophobia is the most popular form of ethnic hostility in today's Russia. In his contribution to Carnegie's new book, *Intolerance in Russia*, Malashenko describes how a stereotype held by many Russian shoppers is that every Caucasian merchant is a profiteer. And, with the recent wave of terrorist bombings, there is now new reason for Caucasophobia to bloom.

GIVEN THAT THE AIR STRIKES AGAINST Chechnya (followed by the entry of ground troops) are meant to punish the Chechens, some have argued that the whole operation resembles the punitive U.S. air strikes in Sudan and Afghanistan more closely than it does NATO's Kosovo campaign. In both cases, the spur was terrorist bombings of civilian targets (in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam in the American case, and in Moscow and Volgodonsk in the Russian).

THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARGUE that the Chechens aren't really behind the Russian explosions. For instance, General Alexander Lebed, the man who in August 1996 signed the peace treaty ending the previous Chechen war, recently told the Paris daily *Le Figaro* that he suspects the bomb explosions were the work not of Chechen Islamic separatists but of Kremlin operatives seeking to derail the Russian electoral process. This interview was picked up by most of the Russian media. *Izvestia* even displayed it prominently on page one, splashing the five-column headline "*Perevorot*," or "Coup," above it.

PERHAPS I AM "BALKANOCENTRIC," but for me the Chechen operation does not recall the punitive actions against Osama Bin Ladin so much as the military operation in Kosovo at the beginning of this year. Only the Kremlin is playing the part not of NATO but of Slobodan Milosevic.

ANNA HUSARSKA

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THANKS TO PHILLIPS, WEARY TRAVELERS WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STOP AND REFUEL.

By donating a former plant site to the Cactus Playa Lake Project, Phillips Petroleum helped expand and protect the habitat of hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. The project resulted from the cooperative effort of Phillips, wildlife and conservation agencies and the community of Cactus, Texas. Now bald eagles, waterfowl and dozens of other bird species have a better place to rest along the Central Flyway. It's yet another example of what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

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